

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-Second Year---May 30, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

HER BARONY

By A "ROMANY"

The sun and moon and stars are mine,
The greenwood and the sea;
Then what care I for jewels fine,
Castle or barony?

The beauty of the waking day,
The glory of the eve,
Are they not more than rich array,
And wherefore should I grieve?

A sunset cloud shall be my gown,
A star shall deck my hair,
And these shall last when dust is strown
O'er all your wealth and care.

RALPH FULLERTON-MOCHINE

By Our Admiring Friends

LOYAL and true are the readers of The Graphic. They do not always agree with the Editor's pronouncements, but they are convinced of his sincerity of purpose and they like that. Moreover, they enjoy the literary flavor of the special articles, chuckle over the free and easy comment contained in the By-The-Way department, dip into the art columns, keep in touch with the musicians of the city and what is doing in music, find in the dramatic columns intelligent and fearless criticisms, sane settings forth of what is of interest socially, have their interest whetted by the sprightly book reviews and gossip book notes, and gain an insight into local financial institutions, stock valuations and bond transactions. In brief, the ethical as well as the political and financial sides of life are illuminated and presented in a manner devoid of garishness and buncombe.

We want to enlarge our circle of readers and we hope to do it by enlisting the goodwill of the loyal family that believes in The Graphic and enjoys its weekly visits. We ask each member of our circle to pass the word along to his or her neighbor that no family can be really contented until it has subscribed for Los Angeles' high class weekly with its epitome of so much that is good and worth while in its 20 pages of carefully edited matter. Will our friends take the trouble to form this propagating society we suggest for the extension of good literature in unintentionally slighted homes? Evince your sympathetic interest in The Graphic and its conductor by becoming one of its promoting mediums. We desire to be advertised by our faithful friends.

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Editor and Publisher.

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

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FREDERICKS AS A VOTE GETTER

DECISION of Captain J. D. Fredericks to seek the Republican nomination for governor is gratifying to his many friends and especially to the Republican element in Southern California that sees in his candidacy a formidable obstacle to Governor Johnson's aspirations. The fact that Messrs. Ralston, Keesling and Belshaw have announced their intention of competing for the Republican nomination only renders the Fredericks' candidacy the more hopeful. The able district attorney of Los Angeles county is likely to be the sole aspirant Southern California will offer and with three candidates in the north dividing the vote beyond the Tehachapi, against what should prove almost a solid front for Fredericks this side the dividing line, the result need never be in doubt.

With Fredericks in the field it is fairly certain that Judge Walter Bordwell will not allow his name to be used. Indeed, we believe the tentative mention of him as a candidate has been without his authorization and never at his initiation. He is devoted to his law practice and, we understand, does not care to neglect it for the elusive call of politics. Highly as we regard him, personally, we are bound to admit that as a campaigner he would prove less potent than Fredericks whose platform experience has been varied and whose vigorous and convincing mode of addressing his constituents wins many friends to his cause. That he will make an effective and untiring campaign is certain and with anything like a full party vote, approximating the registration, the odds are in his favor at the November election.

For Fredericks is clean and wholesome in character as he is in his affiliations. The Stantons and the Old Guard leaders would prefer a candidate of a less decided personality, whom they could handle at Sacramento and sway in the disposition of patronage, but in Fredericks they will find no such pliable material. He has a will of his own and a way of his own and after a long personal knowledge of the man we are prepared to state that his will and his way are worthy of the confidences of the state electorate. He is a fine type of aggressive progressive in the Republican ranks. A good public speaker, a man of unblemished reputation, well-educated, just in his estimates of men and measures, tolerant of the views of his political opponents, kindly of disposition, mellowed, rather than embittered, by his years of splendid service as prosecuting attorney, affectionate in his family relations, a student at all times. The material is of the best for the high office to which he aspires.

In him Governor Johnson will find a contender of no common caliber. It is too early yet to consider Captain Fredericks' platform, but we are prepared to find it sane and sound on state finances, on prison

reforms, on state institutions in general. That he will have to combat the influence exerted by the presence of Theodore Roosevelt on the stump is indicated by a statement from the Colonel who is quoted as saying that he has written to Governor Johnson offering his services in California to fight for the ticket, if he is needed. We predict that the cry from Macedonia will arise along about next October when the campaign of Fredericks will be so well along that the governor will begin to get panicky and call for help. That Roosevelt will come and that he will temporarily sway many votes is certain; but we believe that when the ballots are counted next November the Republican nominee will be found with a safe majority to his credit.

DRAWING THE LINE AT DARROW

HATS OFF to the officials of Michigan university who had the good sense as well as good taste to withhold permission from the Delta Sigma Rho Society, the honorary oratorical and debating organization of Ann Arbor, to invite Clarence Darrow to make the Memorial Day address. The Delta Sigmas probably did not realize, to the full extent, the pernicious doctrines advocated by Darrow, wholly aside from the charge of jury bribing which still stands against the Chicago lawyer in Los Angeles county. In certain gatherings the Darrow type of oratory and the Darrow preachments are swallowed with reverential gusto, but in an institution of learning such as the University of Michigan, character-building is as important as the lectures on English literature or any other topic in the classroom.

Clarence Darrow may be sincere in his outgivings, but for the young and impressionable he is a dangerous mentor and the officials of Michigan's great institution of learning acted wisely in interdicting his presence. We cannot forget that his enlistment in the cause of the McNamaras, which he likened to a sort of Holy War, in which he was an humble recruit, was undertaken only after a fund of \$200,000 was pledged for the defense, the handling of which was entrusted to Darrow. His own fee was a heavy one so that his work for "down trodden humanity" netted him a nice fat sum. Invariably, his "heart bleedings" have been induced only after a big fee has been forthcoming.

It was Darrow who permitted labor union members throughout the country to contribute their hard-earned cash to the "cause" he represented, which, they were assured, was to defend innocent men, when their lawyer knew from the outset of their guilt. But they were "martyrs on the fring line," to save whom from the consequences of their great "zeal" the self-sacrificing Darrow, at a good stiff price, labored so assiduously that he was charged with a crime hardly less pernicious than that of his clients. All things considered, the Delta Sigmas are to be felicitated in having escaped the consequences of an ill-advised impulse.

MELLEN'S ASTONISHING ADMISSIONS

HOWEVER great a service it may be that Charles S. Mellen is performing for the public in his exposure of the New Haven deals, one cannot escape feeling a certain degree of contempt for him. After a railway has been wrecked, he himself discredited, and scandal heaped upon scandal, he emerges from his forced retirement to pipe dismally, in recriminatory Garden of Eden phraseology, slightly altered: "The devil, ie., Morgan, tempted me and I yielded." In the language of the street Morgan had his associates all "buffaloed." Think of it! A dozen men—not poor men, not office clerks and stenographers, not day laborers, but big men in the financial and indus-

trial world, all afraid of one man, so completely cowed that they preferred to engage in questionable transactions rather than dispute his authority.

Of Morgan's supremacy there is no question. Doubtless, he was the engineer of the operations, the dominant mind, the relentless will. Grant all that, but what shall be said of this individual who, although he was president of a railway, confesses that after having once "barked his shins" he was not anxious to repeat the operation. What shall be said of him when he admits this, and shows that not until the hand that held the lash was stilled by death, did his courage come back, and permit him to reveal the extent of his subservience? It is beside the mark that Mellen is performing a public duty. He was one with the wreckers and it was not necessary that his admissions should be devoted largely to placing the onus on a dead man, who alone could have told whether or not Charles S. Mellen is now telling the truth.

Does Mr. Mellen imagine that his evidence has placed him above John Pierpont Morgan in the estimation of the public? What a fallacy! On the one hand we have the eminent swashbuckler, wedging his way through men and laws to attain the object sought, not particular as to methods, perhaps; cruel, doubtless; but, nevertheless, a man. On the other hand we have a sixty thousand dollar railway president who admits he was a tool, a weakling, afraid to speak his mind, a pliant instrument in the hands of a stronger man, be the job honest or just so so. By his own testimony Mellen is a pariah alike from the association of his fellow pirates, and from decent folk who may profit by the exposures he is making of the New Haven scandals.

CALHOUN AND HIS FOLLIES

WHAT has happened in San Francisco in respect to Mr. Patrick Calhoun and the United Railroads is not surprising. As ye sow, that shall ye reap. So engrossed was the ex-president of the street railways in his land speculations and his unwise investments in newspaper properties, for which company moneys were diverted from their legitimate channels, that the railways suffered by allowing the rolling stock to depreciate, the public's interests were neglected and, in consequence, the municipal ownership idea became unduly popular. Experiments with the Geary street municipal line, where the franchise had lapsed, proved satisfactory and now laterals, serving as feeders, are following which more and more encroach upon the private concern's territory, diminishing its receipts.

Calhoun is not a railroad man. He is primarily a lawyer, next, a manipulator. He was sent to San Francisco to take care of the franchises that were about to expire and in their renewing he ran foul of little Abe Ruef, to his own undoing and that of the interests he represented. In the foolish belief that the outcry for municipal ownership of street railways could be choked by a counter current the plant of the San Francisco Globe was acquired and with it the white elephant of an evening daily which the Calkins Syndicate had endeavored to establish to its great financial distress. Later, the Post was taken over and merged, but the deficits were larger than ever, approximating, it is said, twenty-five thousand dollars a month. This money was segregated from the treasury of the United Railroads as were the funds for the Solano lands speculation, to the detriment of the railway service and the consequent irritation of the public. A board of directors, dominated by Calhoun, voted him the right to deflect the company's income in any manner he saw fit.

This is where the lawyer, the clever manipulator came in. All talk of proceeding against him for un-

lawfully diverting the corporation funds is foolish. Mr. Calhoun took care to be well entrenched by a resolution passed by the directors of the road, authorizing the expenditures, not specifically, but in general. Perhaps, the directors thought it wise not to ask too many leading questions. There was always a popular rumor to the effect that the United Railroads controlled the destinies of the Post and met its deficits, but it was not so advertised in the columns of the newspaper in question. Now, we find President Lilienthal, Mr. Calhoun's successor, admitting that, possibly, the best settlement of the controversy with the city is the municipalization of the lines. We agree with that view. Let the city of San Francisco take them over, but not to parallel them; there should be no economic waste, no long-drawn out, expensive competition for the traffic. That is why we deprecate the proposed municipal railway the Pasadena realty men are urging. Buy out the existing lines, yes, if it is possible, but to parallel them were to impose upon the taxpayers only additional burdens.

HOME RULE FIGHT ENDED

YIELDING to the inevitable, apparently, the Conservatives in the English parliament suffered the bill on Irish home rule to go to third and last reading without making further demonstration and with no attempts at filibustering to delay the division, which was strictly political, by a vote of 351 to 274. Of course, the house of lords will reject the measure, as before, but under the parliament act it will become effective in spite of the veto. On the initial division of the house of commons on this measure, in January, 1913, the vote was 367 to 257. The record was 368 to 270 on the second reading a year ago.

Owing to the determined opposition of the Ulster county Protestants, in order to placate that large, tax paying constituency in Ireland, and to avoid possible bloodshed, Premier Asquith offered a compromise act permitting the insurgents in the north to vote on local option every six years. This was refused by the opposition whereupon the original bill was again introduced and passed as stated. There is good reason to believe that after rejection by the lords and the consequent automatic enactment of the bill an amending act will be passed by the Liberals that will insure certain concessions to the dissentients, thereby completely spiking their guns. Whether or not the Irish Nationalists and the more radical members of the Liberal party will consent to such a surrender is the question. Should there be a joint revolt by the two factions mentioned Asquith may have to desist in his present intentions and fight it out with the Ulster crowd on the lines of brute force.

By the terms of the home rule bill Ireland's autonomy is guaranteed in all matters affecting her internal affairs. An Irish parliament, to sit in Dublin, consisting of senate and house of commons, with certain restrictions as to its scope of legislation, will make all laws coming within its constitutional powers; the veto power will be vested in a lord lieutenant, appointed by the crown, whose religious affiliations, as now, are not to be a factor in the appointment. Thus, a Roman Catholic will be eligible under the new law. The Irish parliament will have limited power to tax but not to impose customs duties on articles other than those already dutiable in the United Kingdom. One important concession to the Protestants of Ulster lies in the clause prohibiting the Irish parliament from, directly or indirectly, establishing any religion, from giving any preference or privilege or imposing any disability on account of religious belief. The parliament has no authority to deal with questions of peace and war, army, navy or treason. Doubtless, in process of time many of the present inhibitions interposed as safeguards will be withdrawn by amendment.

In spite of the reservations the home rule bill is a great triumph for the Irish Nationalists and is the initial step forward to that day when the Emerald Isle shall be as free from British domination as Canada, Australia or other of the colonies. Certainly, English taxpayers should welcome the oppor-

tunity for Ireland to become self-supporting. The deficit of \$10,000,000 a year which the British budget must include will, it is hoped, be turned into a surplus before many years if the dreams of the Nationalists are realized. Trade and industries undoubtedly have been affected to their detriment by the invidious taxation imposed, which has pauperized the country and exiled its youth. A brighter day is in store for their people is the optimistic belief of all loyal Irishmen who have pinned their faith to home rule. Let us hope there are no bitter disappointments ahead.

NEEDHAM TO OPPOSE KETTNER

KETTNER will find his pathway to re-election obstructed by that arrant standpatter, Hon. James C. Needham, who aspires to rerepresent the Eleventh congressional district at Washington. When Mr. Needham forsook Modesto for the balmy zephyrs of San Diego we ventured to remark, by way of airy persiflage, that in a district that was normally four to one Republican the retired congressman of the old Sixth might regain his political health. It was a flippant suggestion, written chiefly in jest, but with an eye to future possibilities. Evidently, the emigré from Modesto knew what he was about when he trekked southward.

With canny foresight Needham declined to be cajoled by the esteemed San Diego Union into reaching out for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. "A canary bird in hand," he mentally argued, "is worth a chicken hawk in the bush," and he has decided to apply salt to the canary bird's tail feathers. Doubtless, he will find opposition out San Bernardino way, but he is a good campaigner and his standpat arguments ought to have profound weight with the receptive citrus-fruit growers who, naturally, are not averse to getting all the perquisites that a benignant government can be induced to bestow.

We should say that the sporting odds are about two to one in favor of Needham's nomination and about ten to eight in favor of his election. With a Progressive in the field, making a three-cornered fight, the Republicans will lose a certain percentage of the registration that will be recorded at the primary election, but the leeway is more than sufficient in the district to give Needham the victory if no untoward features arise to militate against party strength. This is not to underestimate Kettner's popularity. He has a good following in the district and has proved a hard-working representative, but with party lines closely drawn he is at a sad disadvantage. His recalcitrancy to the President in voting for free tolls should cost him several thousand Democratic votes, which he will not regain from the Republicans, who will cleave to their party nominee. Kettner's alliance with the ship subsidy grabbers is the one great blemish in his term at Washington. It is likely to be as costly a political blunder for him as for Judge Raker, similarly culpable.

FLEETING IMPRESSION OF A NATIVE SON

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has been honored for the last few days by a visit from that sturdy native son, Hon. Fred H. Hall of Kern county, as pulchritudinous a specimen of manhood as ever graced our streets and by the same token as modest as he is genuine. Usually, the self-made, self-taught man is inclined to be enamored of his job, but the Democratic candidate for governor, hailing from Bakersfield, is diffident rather than verbose in regard to his creative powers. His hazel eyes do not shine with inordinate glee over his achievements nor does he boast of the fact that he had to go to work at ten years of age to help care for an invalid father and ease the burden falling so heavily on mother and sister.

What learning he has acquired he has well assimilated. The Democratic aspirant for state executive employs good English, with a nice appreciation of the meaning of the plain, Anglo-Saxon words he uses. He has communed with nature under the big stars, on the ranch and on the range, and the free winds of heaven have breezed his skin to a healthy tan and blown all the cobwebs out of his brain.

What poetry he has read, what books he has studied when herding sheep or the more prosaic hogs he knows by heart. His clean soul is reflected in his wholesome, handsome face and shines out of his limpid eyes. Meeting him for the first time you say, instinctively, "Here is a man to be trusted," and what greater compliment to one's fellow creature can be paid?

Brave, as are most modest men, Mr. Hall bears the marks on his body of desperate tussles with thieves and other "bad" men whom he encountered in the San Joaquin valley what time he served the Santa Fe as its chief special officer. He rides like a centaur and shoots as straight as he rides. Not quite six feet in his shoes and turning the scales at 250 pounds California has every reason to be proud of this native product. Married to a native daughter and with four children said to be as handsome as their sire, with *character* written all over him, the gubernatorial chair need never groan if so be he is ordained to occupy it. He has the western idea about conservation of resources and although he and Gifford Pinchot are warm personal friends he frankly told the Progressive leader, in response to a direct invitation, that his theories were ridiculous. With a good record in the legislature, a wide knowledge of human nature, a man of large affairs and independent means, a firm believer in good roads, which he has demonstrated by his works, the state might do far worse than in electing this admirable example of humanity to its highest political office.

FOOLISH EXPENDITURES REBUKED

WHETHER or not President Behrens of the California Bankers' Association is correct in his figures, we are not in a position to say, but his assertion that the American people spend a billion dollars a year in senseless pleasures—in pleasures that do more harm than good—is startling enough to bring us up, as the seafaring man would say, "all standing." Mr. Behrens is not an alarmist, nor yet an emotional creature of erratic impulses. He is the retiring head of the best informed body of men in the state to judge of the financial affairs of corporations and individuals, hence what he told his fellow members in his address to the state bankers in annual session at Oakland is deserving of serious consideration. Listen to his arraignment:

The waste of a billion "for a good time," is seriously threatening the prosperity of the land. The American people dislike to be told that they are not thrifty; but they are in the extreme. They know how to make money, but they do not know how to spend it or to save it. . . . Each community seems to be vying with the other to see which can build up the biggest debt. Comes a day when payment must be made and then the trouble will begin.

We commend these remarks, pregnant with truth, to those advocates of civic bonded indebtedness that are ready to mortgage the community to the limit to embark in a municipal experiment about which they know little or nothing and to engage in which the city must compete with the keenest specialists. It is the same kind of extravagance that induces the individual to sell his investment bonds to buy an automobile, which he cannot afford, thereby reducing his income and adding greatly to his fixed charges. If the expense of acquiring an automobile ended with its purchase there would be little room for carping, but it is the beginning, in all too many instances, of endless little extravagance, that are really senseless, just as Mr. Behrens intimates. The initial extravagance thus created by the head of the family is reflected by all its members, often imbuing the younger branches with false notions and erroneous standards, difficult to eradicate.

This is the natural transition of the economic waste that begins with the municipality when it duplicates established utilities to accomplish certain purposes that might be as easily reached without the expenditure of a dollar. Because Los Angeles has jumped her civic indebtedness from half a million dollars to fifty millions in thirteen years—much of it in half that time—her smaller neighbors have caught the spending itch and are positively unhappy unless they can devise a new way to increase the burden of

taxation of the community. It is a disease that calls for a radical remedy. Mr. Behrens says it will come with the settling day. Every annual increase in the taxable unit will be a reminder of past follies and prove a danger signal. The trouble is that too many irresponsibles have the voting power, thereby casting heavier burdens on the thrifty and responsible that must pay the bills.

PUTTING ON SKY-BLUE GLASSES

RATHER amusing was it to read in the rabid free tolls papers on the coast that the repeal of the exemption clause would greatly retard the prosperity of California and strike a terrible blow to coastwise shipping. One, of course, was as true a statement as the other. But how surprising to find these erstwhile doleful sheets now flamboyantly declaring that "the great artificial waterway will revolutionize affairs" in this direction; that "within five years there will be an enormous increase in population, trade, commerce, agriculture, manufacturing and values." One of the most strenuous contenders for free tolls is Mr. Hearst's Los Angeles Examiner whose dire predictions in the event of repeal have given us all the megrims. But, apparently, those insincere complaints are forgotten. We now find our gymnastic contemporary cheerfully spouting in this wise:

Ten years from the day the Panama canal is opened to traffic this city [Los Angeles] will have more than doubled its population, quadrupled, at least, its volume of trade, and be the port and metropolis of a state containing from six to seven million inhabitants.

Come, come, that is more like it! Then the people who have spent upward of \$400,000,000 to build the canal have not done so badly. Several weeks ago, after reading the pessimistic utterances of our contemporary, we feared that the big expenditure had been for naught, so far as this coast is concerned, and that we were all going to the dogs. We had visions of cobwebby masts, rusted machinery below decks, and wide-open seams in the hulls of our coastwise vessels, and all because they had to pay a small fee for a privilege that will presently make the owners fabulously rich and the coast cities, as our contemporary sees them, doubling in population and quadrupling the volume of trade transacted. Since we are assured it is "no idle dream" we take it that Mr. Hearst has accomplished one of his celebrated quick changes of mental viewpoint and has now put on his sky-blue glasses. It is about time.

KETTNER'S JUDICIAL CANDIDATE

REPRESENTATIVE Kettner of San Diego realizes that he must greatly strengthen his fences in the San Bernardino end of his district if he is to make any headway against the candidacy of James C. Needham, who is likely to be the Republican nominee in the Eleventh district. To this purpose Kettner is urging Judge Bledsoe for the proposed new United States district judgeship in the Southern California district, figuring that the friends of the superior court jurist, in his home city, in that event, will exert themselves in favor of Kettner's reelection. The fact that the other chief aspirants to the new judgeship are outside his district, naturally, relieves Kettner of any embarrassment which his invidious selection might otherwise entail.

Judge Bledsoe's elevation to the post he seeks is fraught with danger to the people. His expressed opinion that a judge on the bench should be above newspaper criticism, even if he is an aspirant for political preferment, is full of menace to an independent press. No matter how unfit a judge might be to go higher if Bledsoe's views were to prevail, and he had the punitive power, the editor essaying to tell the people the truth would be in peril of a heavy fine and, possibly, loss of liberty. His ruling in a case in point several years ago revealed this monstrous doctrine and wrought ruin to one publisher whose attempt to frustrate the political aspirations of an ignoramus on the bench was met by the charge of criminal libel. Judge Bledsoe not only fined the editor for telling the truth, but urged his brother jurist to enter suit for punitive damages. A criminal lawyer, whose chief practice was in the court of the

plaintiff, acted as counsel for his dear friend and an emotionally-surcharged jury, moved by the tears and gyrations of the professional pleader, gave a heavy verdict against the honest, conscientious editor who had no personal acquaintance with the unfit judge.

This was the result of Judge Bledsoe's strained point of view. His ruling spelled disaster to the newspaper property and, in effect, put a weak aspirant to the appellate court in line for promotion, which, however, was not accorded, the good sense of the Los Angeles County Bar Association prevailing. Since that decision by Judge Bledsoe he has experienced a change of heart to the extent of declaring that judges should be subject to the recall, which proves, at least, that the Progressives are not without influence. We emphatically protest against the proposed Bledsoe appointment. The United States courts must not be invaded by men of narrow purview. It is not well for the public.

FREE TOLLS FALLACIES EXPOSED

OPPOSING repeal of the canal tolls Senator Smoot of Utah, among other unconvincing arguments, said, "We should encourage our own merchant marine, built on American soil and by American workmen, manned by American sailors and flying solely the American flag." Sounds well, doesn't it? Encourage our merchant marine by granting it a subsidy wrung from the masses to benefit the few. But why? The coastwise shipping is in no danger. It has no foreign competition; it has a monopoly of the traffic and if it cannot earn an honest dividend for its stockholders without being subsidized it ought to go out of business.

If the Smoots and the Leslie Shaws really believe the American merchant marine requires assistance there is a fairer, juster way of helping it than by tapping the United States treasury. The right way is to amend the United States navigation laws so that American shipowners may be privileged to buy their ships in the cheapest marts of the world. That is Germany's way and it has been demonstrated to be a good way. Under our antiquated laws a shipowner is inhibited from American registry unless the vessels of his fleet are built in American shipyards. This cunningly-devised statute was passed in the interests of the steel trust and has not yet been abrogated. Give American shipping the right to an open building market, thereby saving from 25 to 40 per cent on each keel, and the American merchant marine will ask no odds of any country.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, a former secretary of the treasury, addressing the Realty Board of Los Angeles, remarked that he was asked to say a few words regarding the Panama tolls and was cautioned that the Pacific coast is well-nigh unanimously opposed to the repeal of the exemption clause. His informant may have believed he was reflecting a fact, but it is none the less a misleading statement. The politicians of the Knowland-Rowell-Heney type are in favor of free tolls purely for selfish reasons; they think it is good policy to demand from the country what appears on its face to give California an unfair advantage. This viewpoint is strained and is not indorsed by the man of analytical mind who has studied economic conditions. He knows that subsidies paid to an authorized monopoly, having no foreign competition, will not help the consumer, but, to the contrary, will merely add to his burdens. Yet we find the congressman from the Ninth district, Mr. Charles W. Bell, putting forth such arrant nonsense as this:

Exemption of American vessels engaged in coastwise traffic from tolls—and under the law no other nation can engage in such traffic—will not be in the nature of a subsidy, as has been so frantically claimed by the proponents of this repeal measure. On the contrary, it will be a direct saving to the ultimate consumer. Should our vessels be required to pay tolls in passing through the canal in their coastwise traffic, this item will simply be charged by said companies as purely an item of operating expenses. They will naturally add the tolls to their freight rate, and the shipper will have no choice but to pay it, and then, of course, this extra charge will be paid by the consignee.

Mr. Bell, apparently, is willing to accept the word of the shipowners that if the tolls are remitted they will reduce by that much the freight rates. We are

sorry not to have the great faith in the water transportation companies that the Pasadena congressman has, but we would suggest to him that the people will not risk the loss of a penny if they insist on the United States treasury collecting the tolls in the first instance. Which is the better plan for the people? To trust Uncle Sam to make the collections or to allow the shipping trust to distribute pro rata, in lower freights, the amount of tolls remitted? We pause for a reply. Doubtless, Mr. Bell would pin his faith on the shipping combine. In fact, he has so stated, which proves conclusively what a broken reed Mr. Bell is as a representative of the people's interests. He talks about higher transcontinental railway rates if the tolls are repealed. Shucks! On all heavy or "slow" freight the railroads will make no attempt to meet the water rates; they are in no position to do so. What the transcontinental lines lose in that way they will get back in the added short hauls. How absurd for Mr. Bell to say the repeal will "strike a deadly blow at American shipping," when the building of the canal at an outlay of \$400,000,000 will accelerate coastwise business immeasurably and at a greatly reduced cost. Mr. Bell's notes are all cracked.

"MY MOTHER"—A PRAYER

OCCASIONALLY, Hon. William E. Humphrey of Washington does the country a real service. Not often, alas, for a more persistent and pernicious ship subsidy grabber and tariff standpatter never argued black is white on the floor of congress. The other day, however, he asked "unanimous consent" to "extend" his remarks in the Congressional Record, to include the insertion of a beautiful tribute by Mr. Tom Dillon of Seattle entitled "My Mother." There may be those who will carp at its appearance in the pages of the Record, supposed to be devoted wholly to congressional proceedings, but, at least, it does not do that official publication anything but credit. Here is the gem:

For the body you gave me, the bone and the sinew, the heart and the brain that are yours, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being. All that I am is from you who bore me.

For all the love that you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the hand that led me, the voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me. All that I am is by you, who nursed me.

For your smile in the morning and your kiss at night, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the tears you shed over me, the songs that you sung to me, the prayers you said for me, for your vigils and ministrings. All that I am is by you, who reared me.

For the faith you had in me, the hope you had for me, for your trust and your pride, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for your praise and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me and the honor you made mine. All that I am you taught me.

For the sore travail that I caused you, for the visions and despairs, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the peril I brought you to, the sobs and the moans I wrung from you, and for the strength I took from you, mother, forgive me.

For the fears I gave you, for the alarms and the dreads, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the joys I deprived you, the tolls I made for you, for the hours, the days, and the years I claimed from you, mother, forgive me.

For the times that I hurt you, the times I had no smile for you, the caresses I did not give you, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me for my angers and revolts, for my deceits and evasions, for all the pangs and sorrows I brought to you, mother, forgive me.

For your lessons I did not learn, for your wishes I did not heed, for the counsels I did not obey, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me my pride in my youth and my glory in my strength that forgot the holiness of your years and the veneration of your weakness, for my neglect, for my selfishness, for all the great depths of your love that I have not paid, mother, sweet mother, forgive me.

And may the peace and the joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Amen.

"For the faith you had in me!" That line epitomizes the rarity of a mother's love; its unselfishness, its abounding hope, that nothing can entirely stifle. We can forgive Representative Humphrey many things for having brought to our notice this verbal wreath that well adorns every true mother. It appeared, originally in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Lord Dunsany Has Whole Book of Playboys---By Randolph Bartlett

WHEN we find a new word in art we invariably seek for its fruits. A great creation cannot simply travel its own course and die. It must inspire others and, if not lead to still greater achievement, at least go echoing and reechoing through the work of contemporaries and successors. Yet in that prolific field, the Irish drama, it has been difficult to discern any traces of the mantle of Synge. It has seemed impossible that so virile a spirit as sings throughout his drama should cease to be with the untimely end of Synge himself. Still Synge's little group of plays have stood alone among the Irish plays as distinctive and different as if of another school. At last, there has appeared a disciple upon whom must be conferred the title to Synge's garments, lying all these years without a claimant. This is Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, whose first American volume has just been published in the Kennerley series of modern drama.

In five short dramas, three of which are in one act each, Lord Dunsany has displayed as perfect a mastery of the art of symbolism, plus simplicity, as Synge himself, and he has created a whole volume of Playboys, adding to Synge's insight a vein of delicious humor all his own. When Synge turned his Playboy loose upon the world again he created something of an enigma with the parting word of the youth who recreated his world out of a bit of romance: "You've turned me a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day." The great cry of the drama is for justice. Be it comedy or tragedy, right must prevail. It is this inherent necessity which caused the prevalence for so many years of artificial and forced "happy endings" in melodrama, where the forces of evil always were so much more entitled to victory and so much more consistent than the forces of good. The melodramatists were unable to conceive virtue as consistently human and able to battle for itself. All the expedients of luck and coincidence were brought into play on behalf of right, because, though their craft could not achieve the result, the carpenters of these pasteboard plays knew that the drama which did not mete out justice must fail.

It is because justice is thwarted in Synge's Playboy that it aroused the storm of anger among his compatriots. That anger may have been silly; anger against a work of art always is. If the work can stand against intelligent criticism there is no sense in attacking it through the emotions. The reason Synge's Playboy is good drama and still apparently thwarts justice is that it is essentially an unfinished drama. Christy's triumph is merely over a set of fools; his new found philosophy will not carry him far through life.

Lord Dunsany's Playboys go to their logical judgment, be it for good or ill. The best of the plays, "The Gods of the Mountain," is the finest example of this. In approaching these plays it is necessary, first of all, to abandon all conventions of history and geography. Dunsany's folk are of no place and no time, they have a nomenclature that suggests no known division of the human family, and their thoughts and motives are so universal that they can be translated into any conventions which the spectator desires—"spectator" because they are essentially acting plays, and the stage pictures move photographically before the mental vision of the reader.

"The Gods of the Mountain" opens with a scene outside a city gate, where several beggars are bemoaning the decadence of their calling. So callous have the people become that one of them even considers the desperate expedient of abandoning beggary and actually setting up a shop to earn a livelihood. To them appears a great and lordly beggar, a veritable journeyman of the craft, whose pride finds vent in this rebuke:

Let none who has known the mystery of roads or has felt the wind arising new in the morning, or who has called forth out of the souls of men divine benevolence, ever speak any more of any trade or of the miserable gains of shops and the trading men.

Agmar proposes to lead the beggars into the city and take by strategy that which no wiles can draw from the close-fisted inhabitants. One suggests they pretend to be ambassadors from a far country. Not good enough for Agmar. Another that they pretend to be lords. Still not good enough. A third suggests that they go as kings. Still too low for Agmar's genius. They shall go as the gods themselves. A considerable distance from the city there sit seven green jade gods on the side of a mountain, and these are worshiped by the people of this land. The beggars, Agmar decrees, shall robe themselves in green and after he has caused to be circulated a prophecy that one day the gods of the mountain shall arise

and come to the city in the guise of men, the seven beggars shall appear before the people. They are lacking in green raiment. Again the genius of Agmar is equal to the situation. He scorns the idea of simply wearing a bit of the green cloth over a portion of their rags.

No, no. The first who looked closely would say, "These are only beggars. They have disguised themselves." Each of the seven shall wear a piece of the green raiment underneath his rags. And peradventure here and there a little shall show through; and men shall say, "These seven have disguised themselves as beggars. But we know not what they be."

So they embark upon their hazardous adventure, and while doubters arise the quick wit and daring of Agmar does not fail. The people decide to prepare a sacrifice, and, bringing in a lamb place it over the fire in an altar. The lesser beggars become so deeply interested in this prospect of food that one of them almost betrays the enterprise:

THAHN. (Stretching out a hand to a lamb upon an altar) That leg is not being cooked at all.

ILLANAUN. It is strange that gods should be thus anxious about the cooking of a leg of lamb.

OORANDER. It is strange certainly.

ILLANAUN. Almost I had said that it was a man spoke then.

OORANDER. (Stroking his beard and regarding the second beggar) Strange. Strange, certainly.

AGMAR. Is it then strange that the gods love roasted flesh? For this purpose they keep the lightning. When the lightning flickers about the limbs of men there comes to the gods in Marma a pleasant smell, even a smell of roasting. Sometimes the gods, being pacific, are pleased to have roasted instead the flesh of lamb. It is all one to the gods; let the roasting stop.

OORANDER. No, no, gods of the mountains!

OTHERS. No, no.

OORANDER. Quick, let us offer the flesh to them. If they eat, all is well. (They offer it; the beggars eat, all but Agmar, who watches).

ILLANAUN. One who was ignorant, one who did not know, had almost said that they ate like hungry men.

OTHERS. Hush!

AKMOS. Yet they look as though they had not had a meal like this for a long time.

OORANDER. They have a hungry look.

AGMAR (who has not eaten). I have not eaten since the world was very new and the flesh of men was tenderer than now. These younger gods have learned the habit of eating from the lions.

OORANDER. O oldest of divinities, partake, partake.

AGMAR. It is not fitting that such as I should eat. None eat but beasts and men and the younger gods. The sun and the moon and the nimble lightning and I—we may kill and we may madden, but we do not eat.

ARMOS. If he but eat of our offering he cannot overwhelm us.

ALL. Oh, ancient deity, partake, partake.

AGMAR. Enough. Let it be enough that these have condescended to this bestial and human habit.

Finally, the people are convinced of the identity of the masquerading gods, and Agmar drives them out. It is time for the gods to be alone, that they may speak to the gods in the language of the gods which men may not hear. Then, and not until then, does the master beggar fall ravenously upon the food that his wit has won.

Several days pass, and the beggars continue feasting as gods, worshiped by the populace, secure, apparently, in their pretension. Then word of imminent danger comes. It is learned that certain sceptics, still not satisfied, have gone to see if the seven gods are or are not in their accustomed seats on the side of the mountain. Three days they have been gone, and are now due to return at any moment. All seems lost, but still Agmar holds his band together through the confidence he has inspired, and they forbear to seek safety in flight. The citizens assemble to hear the word of the messengers. Then, to the astonishment of the doubters, but still more to that of the beggars themselves, comes the word that the gods are no longer in their ancient gates. This dispels the last shadow of doubt, and the citizens hasten away to prepare a great sacrifice, beyond the measure of any that have preceded.

Now here is the corresponding point to the close of Synge's Playboy. The beggars have won their way, through their artifice, and are in a fair way to "go romancing through a romping lifetime." What essential difference is there between Christy Mahon, flinging his taunt into the faces of the ignorant folk who have made a hero of him, and doubted, and again feared him, and Agmar who only withholds his taunt because it would interfere with the furtherance of his plan, and not because he does not entertain the same contempt for the deluded ones? They are brothers "under the skin." But the Dunsany drama

moves on to the logical justice of the situation.

While the citizens are busy preparing the great feast, with wine and dancing girls, the beggars hear of green figures that have been seen moving about in the gloaming, and which are terrible to behold. One or two of the band tell of strange fears which have come upon them, but Agmar, the chief of these Playboys, refuses to believe that his world of romance now stands in any danger. Even as they discuss the fears of the timid ones, there appear seven green, ungainly figures. The gods of the mountain have come to punish personally the interlopers. The leader of the gods points first at one and then at another of the beggars, and each in his turn gathers himself upon his throne in precisely the same attitude as has been maintained for centuries by the gods of the mountain. Then the green creatures disappear. The citizens return and discover that the objects of their worship have turned to stone. "They were the true gods" they exclaim in chorus, as the curtain falls.

Here we have justice, inexorable, logical. Nor is it that sham justice which is dragged into the melodrama, whereby that which the evil forces have acquired unjustly is taken from them and given to the element which is supposed to represent virtue, but which more frequently is merely ignorance masquerading in the guise of righteousness. Ignorance must win out its own salvation through experience and suffering. They who can be deluded into worshiping false gods can escape the results of their delusion only through the bitter experience of discovery that their sacrifices are futile and their supplications unanswered.

All the demands of the drama are fulfilled in this brief play. Unity, sequence, suspense, action and the clash of opposing forces are embodied in the work. But, above all, as a play to read, is its style. Here is a symbolism as subtle as that of Maeterlinck at his best, and a style of a clarity that cannot be surpassed, for its simplicity is perfect. There is no catch phrase, either meaningless or with its significance buried beyond hope of discovery in a morass of verbiage. There is no herd of words grouped fantastically to capture the ear and deceive one into the belief that they must have some meaning because they have such a rotund sound.

It is interesting to know that the writer of these plays is the most distinguished of all modern play writers, so far as aristocratic lineage is concerned. Here is the way he is described in the British "Who's who."

DUNSANY, 18th Baron (cr. 1439); Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, late Lt. 1st Batt. Coldstream Guards; b. 24 July 1878; s. of 17th Baron; Succeeded father 1899; m. 1904 Lady Beatrice Villiers, Youngest daughter of 7th Earl of Jersey Edcc. Eton; Contested for Conservatives West Wilts, 1906; Owns about 5000 acres in Meath, besides a property in Kilkenny. Address Dunsany Castle, County Meath.

This is not all, but it suffices to show that not all the nobility is decadent. Moreover, we learn from the introduction to the book, by Edwin Bjorkman, that "he is passionately fond of outdoor life and often spends the whole day in the saddle before sitting down at his desk late at night to write." The more one learns about this new figure the more interesting he becomes. He has gone into the recesses of his own imagination and created entire new worlds, evolving a mythology of his own, a country no man ever has seen, and a nomenclature in every respect harmonious. Yet his creative spirit is always closely allied to the vividly human. His are no mere gargoyles and arabesques, summoned for the mere pleasure of the mental exercise. He has simply escaped the conventions that he may get down to fundamentals. With this material of his own choosing he has produced a philosophy of life which creates a strong desire to know more of this noble playwright and his Playboys.

(Plays, by Lord Dunsany. Mitchell Kennerley's Modern Drama Series.)

Because two torn pieces of lace adhered to the screen of a window through which a burglar escaped from a Los Angeles house the local Sherlock Holmeses deduce the looter was of the feminine gender. O, woman, when a house you'd fleece, cut off your vanities at the knees.

Senator Borah assures the country in an interview that the Republican party is certain to come back into power and that it will be done through an amalgamation of the voters, not of the leaders. We believe this is the same distinguished senator "mentioned" as a possible candidate for the Republican presidential nomination.

NOVEL "EXHIBITION OF BAD TASTE"

AN exhibition has just closed in New York that might be described as "different." It was held in the Modernist Studios under the direction of Ruby Ross Goodnow, Rayne Adams, Frances Delehanty, Robert McQuinn, and Junius Craven, and it was called the "Exhibition of Bad Taste." The name turned out to be something of a boomerang for after the show was in full swing people began to wonder if the bad taste did not lie with its perpetrators. When it was first projected the idea seemed quite wonderful and the press gave it an immense amount of publicity. But that was beforehand, when the idea, like the pie, had not been tested. An announcement was sent out stating that the exhibition would comprise articles of home adornment, chosen for their elegant and genteel quality. A cut and extract from a book on home decoration published in 1889 indicated the kind of articles. On an easel of wire rests a large smooth stone upon which is painted a landscape. "The pretty landscape," runs the extract, is painted on a common wayside stone distinguished from thousands of others only by being unusually smooth and of an oval shape. Both oil and water colors may be used for such work. The easel is of wire. Sometimes such a stone after being painted upon has a semi-covering of plush drawn over it so as to form a rim or frame around the painting and the easel is covered with plush of the same color."

Followed the appeal, "Don't you know of some attic in which lies smoldering a collection of cast-off furniture, family portrait and vases belonging to the period when ball fringes, plush picture frames and wax flowers satisfied the demands of aesthetic desire? If you do will you not help us to enrich our exhibition by loaning us such examples of domestic furnishing as fulfill the conditions of pretentiousness, ornateness and bad taste? No horror of household adornment can be so heart-breaking in color or form as not to be welcomed gladly." Very enthusiastically individuals received the appeal and assented. "Why, yes, I know exactly the thing. My old aunt has a wonderful thing. I'll get it for you." But when it was explained to the aunt what was wanted and for what purpose aunt exclaimed, "Send that to be laughed at! No, my grandmother had that in her parlor. She loved it and I remember it when I was a child. It has a thousand beautiful associations for me. It would be desecration to let it be laughed at." Occasionally, it was hard to make peace with aunt after the request. One nephew believes firmly that he will be disinherited.

The opening of the exhibition attracted a crowd of modernists, writers, illustrators, suffragists. There was no indifferent person. Either they fell for it as the planners anticipated and thought it was screamingly funny or they bewailed bitterly the irreverence of the display. Canvas inner walls about the main room of the studio furnished a background for the display of wall papers of the early eighties, marble-topped furniture, seaweed, wax flowers and all sorts of things under glass, samplers, home-made paintings, Rogers groups and ornate china of every description. A set of coffee cups was there marked with the names of everybody in the family including "Grandpa" and "Uncle," those intended for male members having a china moustache protector across the bowl of the cup. Two of the best-loved pieces were a statue of Christopher Columbus grasping an egg, and a Venus with a clock imbedded in her stomach. A parlor organ was made to do service at night when a service of song was conducted at which all sorts of old tunes were sung, like "Sweet Evalina," "Ben Bolt," "Darling, I am Growing Old," "Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight?"

It all might have seemed very funny if we did not have associations with these things. Some of us love Ben Bolt and do not find it funny when it is well sung. But the thing that opened a wedge for criticism was the fact that the outer room of the studios had for sale certain articles made by the modernists themselves, presumably in the best taste for decorative purposes as we know them today, and, presumably, with the idea that laughers at the old-time art would fall for the new. But freakish colors, and extreme modernism led one to hesitate before purchasing and to wonder why, while exhibiting things in bad taste, the perpetrators did not show things of today with which we have not old-time and halloved associations.

Why not an exhibition of department store art? We do not have to go back a generation for horrible examples of taste in domestic furnishing. A marble-topped table with a solid standard of good design can hardly be in worse taste than some of the soap-coupon trading stamp purchased furniture that falls to pieces in a steam heated flat. And the modern little piano is not so much better than the old-time parlor organ, nor is the popular music of today

superior to some of the old-time sentimental songs. A set of cigarette coupons framed, a pillow cover of tobacco souvenirs neatly stitched together or the comic pages of some of the daily papers, or a parlor set of plush furniture to be found in many a flat in Harlem today, can hardly call the kettle black when talking to a moustache cup or wax flowers under a glass case.

ANNE PAGE.
New York, May 25, 1914.

LAW MAKERS AS BAD AS LAW BREAKERS

WHICH is the worser spectacle, the riot of the conservatives in the house of commons, solely with the view of obstructing legislation—Irish home rule—or the riotous scenes in the London theater in which the king and queen were present at a matinee performance along with the unruly suffragettes? Both were examples of utter lawlessness and we cannot discern, at this distance, that the male performers were one whit better than the women militants. The men "boohed," the women bawled; the men—members of parliament, they were—created pandemonium by indulging in such disorderly tactics that the speaker was compelled to suspend the sitting. The performance of "The Silver King" was halted by the extraordinary antics of several suffragettes whose "chantings" and outcries in various parts of the house completely stopped the stage action.

Attempts to eject one woman who demanded the release of Mrs. Pankhurst were delayed by the fact that she had chained herself to the seat so that it was necessary to unscrew the chair from the floor before its screaming occupant could be carried out, still seated, amid the groans and catcalls of her sympathizing sisters. Through it all, says the cabled story, the king and queen sat unmoved, "mechanically smiling." How they must have enjoyed the show! Probably, in about the same degree that the trial magistrate did at the Bow Street police court when the case of the sixty-six suffragettes was called, arrested in the battle with the police at the entrance to Buckingham palace grounds, the town home of the king and queen. In the midst of the hearing one of the prisoners took off her shoe and hurled it at the bench whereon sat the dignified jurist who dodged just in time to escape the impact. When their names were demanded the first three replied, "Nemesis," "Joan D'Arc," "Charlotte Corday." This was the spirit that pervaded the trial.

Amazing as these proceedings are one cannot forbear a certain tribute to the pestiferous courage of the women who defy all conventions by their unpardonable methods. The "Silver King" is good old melodrama, but not to be compared in interest to the chair-chaining scene the other side of the footlights. So long as no property is damaged, no personal injury inflicted these tactics of the suffragettes are no worse than the freak actions of the opposition in the house of commons. It is when they burn or otherwise destroy public and private property that the women are open to severe censure and punishment. However, whatever they do the fault lies with the British government for its lack of courage in dealing with the offenders. Cat-and-mouse acts are stupid subterfuges, bound to react on the authorities. Either give the women what they are after or compel obedience to the established laws of the country. These in-and-out sentences are farcical and convict the authorities of cowardice. They deserve all they get by way of reprisal.

Patrick Calhoun's promise to return the million dollars or so he deflected from the treasury of the United Railroads to finance his "side lines" was, alas, barren of performance. The plant of the Post, which paper was the costliest single item, was sold as junk and the realty speculation proved a failure. But the directors approved the "diversions," it is alleged.

Judge Craig, of the superior court, who aspires to higher honors, intimates that he is opposed to capital punishment. It is well that the voters should understand this before too late. Judge Craig may have the majority with him, but we doubt it.

Twenty millions of dollars for a breakfast food oatory and a coffee imitation! That, at least, is the reputed estate left by the late C. W. Post and bequeathed by him to his heirs. What's the use!

By the Way



Back to My Muttons

This week I have moved my literary lares and penates back to Los Angeles after thirty months of sojourning in Pasadena where I essayed to furnish daily pabulum to the elite of that charming city. I am led to believe that the intelligent constituency I was able to attract to my daily outgivings did not object to them, because nobody ever offered to lick the editor over there, save Dr. Cook, and the sanctum was never invaded by a mob of irate readers demanding retractions, nor was I sued for libel, *mirabile dictu!* But, alas, the merchants of the Crown City are slow on the advertising trigger. They realize that the proximity to Los Angeles is a handicap and allow 75 per cent of the trading to get by them, because they do not use the printer's ink in the way they should. My pleadings, my arguments, my expostulations, my oburgations availed little; they let hesitation attend on delay and as I am getting past the age when I can afford to wait for business to catch up I at length reluctantly admitted to myself that the fattest winters were not sufficiently productive to carry me through the lean summers, so I was glad to turn over my responsibilities to a gentleman from Long Beach who is not averse to printing a paper that is a bit yellow and whose first page heads are of nightmarish proportions. I wish him all success and hope he will land the nomination for congress, for Editor Roberts is a sturdy Republican of fine mental caliber and pleasing address. As for me I intend to make The Graphic so good, with the assistance of Mr. Randolph Bartlett, that I hope even the children will be heard crying for it.

Sunset Club Histrions

I violate no confidences when I assert that the Sunset Club is looking forward to the time of its life this Saturday and Sunday at its annual outing. Madame Modjeska's beautiful ranch near Tustin is to be the scene of our glory and in the forest of Arden where the charming actress once gave "As You Like It" the club members will essay the roles so familiar to every lover of the great bard. I am told that I am expected to appear as Rosalind while the versatile John Byrne is to be my Orlando and the suave Robert Bulla will shine as Jacques. But I forbear tipping off the other histrions until they have done their stunts and retired. It is a merry company and should be able to evolve a merry Saturday night presentation. I promise to tell The Graphic readers all about it next week if the audience allows me to escape without broken limbs. Temple is costuming the performers, Louis Vetter is stage manager and Al Levy will cater. We go down Friday and return Sunday p. m.

"Dolly" Staten at Vera Cruz

Everybody at the club remembers "Dolly" Staten, here, as thorough a gentleman as his state of South Carolina ever sent to Annapolis. The clever little lieutenant is now with his ship the U. S. battleship South Carolina, at Vera Cruz, and it was his duty to command a detachment of bluejackets assigned to the capture of the port. In a letter to Judge Gregg, which I have been privileged to read, "Dolly" says: "We landed at dark and were sent into the thickest of the trouble. The bullets flew pretty fast and I realized that I was in a mighty hot box when our began to fall, but my good fortune was with me and realized that I was in a mighty hot box when our boys liberty to quote more from his graphically descriptive letter, but I must keep the pledge made to Judge Gregg who left this week for a tour overland by way of the Selkirks and Canadian lakes, to be absent several months.

Judge Jackson as a News Source

Judge Grant Jackson's weekly contribution to the philosophy of the courts came this week in the form of a request that all persons not directly interested in the divorce case he was trying, leave his court room. He admitted that he had no authority to order them out, but there were few who declined the invitation to depart. The open trial is one of the fundamental principles of liberty, but it is an institution that is extensively abused. It is not at the

trials where information or enlightenment on important questions are to be derived, that the spectators are found. But let a divorce trial be sufficiently nauseating, or a murder sufficiently exploited in the yellow papers, and a crowded house is assured. This is another of the many reforms needed in court rules as to which I should like to learn the views of candidates for the superior court.

Remembered by Dr. Cook

Ever since that picturesque near-pole explorer Dr. Frederick A. Cook did me the honor to blackguard me from one of the cheaper vaudeville platforms because I expressed a few doubts as to his claims, the traveler's press agent has been assiduous in forwarding what complimentary notices have been tendered the north pole aspirant. Thus, I am in receipt this week of the encomiums paid to him by that other near-eminent poseur, Elbert Hubbard, who looks upon Mr. Peary's rival as a "very brave, honorable and intelligent gentleman." I do not question his bravery. The reports from San Diego and the Grant hotel are disturbing as to his honorable intentions there, but I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. His intelligence I take for granted. Any man that can fool two continents and still be a contender for honors is not lacking in mental acuteness. I wish he were not so given to vitrified vituperation when he pays his compliments to his critics; not that I mind it personally, but it seems so unfitting from a real hero. I think of Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane, poor Captain De Long and realize how far, far apart Dr. Cook is from these illustrious souls that preceded.

In Debt to Oscar Trippet

My good friend Oscar Trippet has sent me the text of the decision of the court of appeals in the Becker hearing reversing Judge Goff and remanding the case. I had expressed surprise at the action of the upper court, but Oscar Trippet assures me that the police lieutenant did not have a fair trial and the court of appeals was fully justified in its decision. Evidently, the chief error was in convicting the accused on the testimony of his accomplices without sustaining corroboration, an error that was rectified at the second trial which resulted in Becker's conviction. Prejudicial misconduct of the trial judge was also held. It is an elaborable review and offers interesting reading to the student of criminal jurisprudence.

Local Bankers Shut Out

Considerable criticism is being offered to the arrangement by which it is decreed that all members of the regional bank directorate must live within six hours ride of San Francisco. On its face this would appear a necessary provision, so that conferences may be called quickly. Practically speaking, however, Los Angeles is within six working hours of the northern city. If, for instance, a directors' meeting were decided upon in the afternoon, and notices sent to members in Fresno, Sacramento, San Jose or other near-by cities, these directors themselves could not be in San Francisco in time for the transaction of business that day, and before banking hours the following day it would be possible for members to have arrived from the south. This allows even for meetings called because of contingencies which could not possibly have been foreseen. In actual practice it is doubtful if there will be many meetings for which notices cannot be sent out several days in advance. I think the south has been slighted in this matter, though, perhaps, unintentionally.

Matrimonial Query Unanswered

From a school-girl's essay on India, which won a prize in a local daily, I quote the following: "A queen, dying, asked her husband to promise to build her a tomb more beautiful than any in the world, and not to remarry. He built the tomb."

Scotty Says He Has More Dust

Walter Scott, the "Scotty" of spectacular notoriety of several years ago, has been living rather quietly, for him, of late. The last heard of him was when a report was circulated last winter that he had been making the rounds of the tourist hotels in Pasadena trying to interest men of wealth in his mysterious mining project. In the last few days he has been seen in his favorite lounging places again, telling boon companions that he has another supply of gold dust. There is this to be said for Scotty, he is a champion at keeping his own counsel. There have been many theories as to the source of the money he spends so recklessly from time to time, and in certain matters there has been positive evidence. Yet so far as a promotion enterprise is concerned, Scotty is played out, and yet he lives with out ever having been known to engage in gainful pursuits. While no one has any use for the kind of blatancy, extravagance, dissipation and buncombe

which brought Scotty into the limelight, there still remains a certain degree of admiration for his quality of being able to keep his mouth shut, on the one subject, if no other.

Brininstool Grows Reckless

Is the official humorist of the Express, E. A. Brininstool, growing weary of his position? There is such a suggestion in his column of one day last week. His department is headed by an original poem which might have been addressed to his employer. It purports to be addressed to a man of great wealth, and its tone may be judged from the following four lines:

You guys with stacks of cash to burn—
Just let me whisper in your ear:
When will you nabobs ever learn
Your wealth is simply loaned you here.

It is a trifle daring of Brin to write in this vein. Then, further down, he takes a little slap at the ministers, who usually are regarded as "first friends" of the Express, remarking: "Almost any minister can persuade himself that the Lord has called him to another field if the salary is larger than what (sic) he already is receiving." A little rough, I should say—just a little rough.

Record's Regime of Economy

K. J. Murdock, who has been with the Record for more than ten years, as telegraph editor, city editor, news editor, and for several years as managing editor, was summarily discharged recently for no reason that anyone in the fraternity has been able to ascertain excepting that his salary had been increased from time to time until it had reached a point where it attracted considerable attention when an economy wave swept over the paper. Mrs. Estelle Lawton Lindsey also was sacrificed, after having written all the principal feature stories, as well as the "Cynthia Grey" column, for more than five years. The noon edition of the paper is the first four-page sheet issued as one of the regular editions of any local paper as far back as I can remember. These incisions are the more remarkable in that the semi-anarchistic policy which has caused the slump in the formerly prosperous paper, does not appear to have been affected in the shake-up.

Making the Best of It

There are stage mishaps which can be overlooked, and talked down, and then again there are little unexpected accidents which are so ludicrous that they cannot be ignored. Usually, these cause a great deal of embarrassment to the players, especially in a drama supposed to be serious. At the Mason one night last week Edwin Holland, in "The Argyle Case," when lighting a cigar, dropped it in such a way that it turned several funny little somersaults down the front of his vest, and he caught it before it reached the floor. It was one of those things that the best juggler in the world couldn't do if he tried for years. It couldn't be overlooked, so Robert Hilliard deliberately turned it into an interpolated vaudeville bit. "Turn around and show Joe how to do it" he said, indicating one of the other actors. Of course, it would be out of place in a tragedy by Shakespeare, but then so would the cigar.

Echo of the Bond Campaign

In the recent power bond campaign a circular was sent to the members of the fire and police departments stating, in effect, that whenever there had been any requests for increases in salary, the answer had been that there was no money, the deduction being obvious. To this came the reply from the city hall, that nobody could remember any requests for salary increases. Yet I find the following statement in an article arguing the necessity of lopping a million and a half dollars from the general estimates: "Sebastian hoped to secure for the police salaries equal to those paid in Oakland, \$100 for the first year, and increases yearly until a maximum of \$120 a month is reached. The committee had to veto the plan. The patrolmen must be content with the present salaries." I would like to hear the councilmen who denied they knew of any requests for increased salaries say, in so many words, that they did not know this question was coming up, and what the answer would be.

Pointers for the Make-up Man

There is no better judge of human nature than the newsboy. It pays to get acquainted with one, and absorb a little of his philosophy now and then. Buying a morning paper the day after the close of the Becker trial, I noticed one of these young friends of mine shuffling the pile of Examiners and I saw that he was tucking the first section inside the second. I sought light. "Aw, these editors don't know nawthin' about what the people want to read. Here's a good three-column picture of Becker buried on the second section, and a bum story about a woman poisonin' babies on the first page. No class. I got to fold

these all inside out to sell 'em." I suggested that the Becker verdict was in the evening papers the day before. "Sure—that makes it all the better. It's had a whole day free advertising. Everybody knows Becker's found guilty, and now they want to know what next. They got Becker on their minds and they'll grab anything that looks like a new story about him." And he continued his deadly insult to the make-up man of making section one out of section two.

Difference in Attitude

Those opponents of annexation in the so-called Palms district, which includes a variety of localities between the city and the ocean, are meeting with a little more success in exposing the methods of the territory grabbers than did the Fruitlands people. Of course, there are subdivisions included in this latest benevolent assimilation plan which do a considerable amount of advertising, so the editorial ear is not inclined to be so deaf as it was to the folk from the other side of town. The map of the section which it is proposed to annex looks like a picture of one of those tropical plants which has its roots branching off the side of the trunk, and limbs and tentacles reaching out in every direction. It is as monumental a piece of gerrymandering as you will meet in a lifetime. I shall not attempt to give a detailed description of it, as it required six columns of fine newspaper print to do so in the advertisement of the election, which, for the sake of the convenience of all persons concerned, was published in Pasadena, possibly because Harry Culver of Culver City was once interested in a theater over there.

Source of Request is Potent

If a street railway company were to ask for a franchise for the streets surrounding an entire city block, on the ground that the tracks, while not needed for any purpose connected with increased receipts, would relieve traffic congestion, what would be the answer? You can imagine the cry that would arise from the proletariat, "Grabbing the streets." Yet this same proposal has been made by the board of utilities of its own volition, and thus far no one has been accused of attempting to despoil the city of valuable property. Eight years ago or thereabouts, the city railway wanted a franchise covering the Los Angeles river bed, and what a shriek it caused, nearly upsetting an entire city administration. One would have thought at that time that we could have turned around the next day and sold that franchise for about one hundred million dollars. Strange as it may seem, there are no more railway tracks in the vicinity of the river now than there were then, and so far as I have been able to learn there have been no bidders for this tremendously valuable privilege. The principle seems to be that a city is always willing to give unasked, but asked, it becomes suspicious.

Date Lines Come Out of Seclusion

With the approach of summer and the consequent scarcity of general news, there are a few date lines that will be found with increasing frequency throughout the silly season: Tarrytown, Oyster Bay, Flatbush, Mauch Chunk.

Another Little Lapse

"Sir S. Crossley arrived in Los Angeles with Mrs. Crossley yesterday" says a daily paper paragraph. Is it any wonder the British people accuse us of not using the English language?

GRAPHITES

New York is to follow Philadelphia's example in the Saturday closing plan of the big retail stores. For two months Coney Island will reap a harvest from the holiday makers, whose outings are thus assured. Wages are not to be cut in consequence, either.

It is an advanced Presbyterianism that advocates one Protestant church in towns having a population under 500. This is a plan considered by the general assembly, to come before it next year. Establishment of a minimum wage of \$1000 annually for all ministers is another broadgauge rule favored.

Up in Oregon a woman who fell from a barn and lost her hearing, having been told that a counter shock might restore the faculty shot herself with a revolver. It was successful; she can now hear the angelic choir.

Little Switzerland has reversed her earlier decision and will be represented at the San Francisco exposition. There's an example for the Kaiser.

Even the mummy cases in the British Museum are not immune from the vicious attacks of the suffragettes. One might suppose there would be a certain veneration for age, at least.

Music

By W. F. Gates

Thursday night of last week, the People's chorus, accompanied by a composite orchestra, sang Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah" at the Morosco theater under the baton of Hans Linne. The chorus included about eighty-five women and thirty men, showing a lack of balance which the conductor could not improve without the cooperation of more male singers. The house is an excellent one for such performances, were proper stage arrangements made. As it was, the conductor was down in the audience, about 25 feet from his chorus, part of which could not see him easily. Mr. Linne had worked long and faithfully with his singers, but they proved overbalanced by the composition. Again, one has to voice the plaint of former years as to the orchestra. Rare indeed has been the oratorio performance in Los Angeles which offered a good orchestral accompaniment. The most of this is in the paucity of attendance on such events. If more people attended, there would be enough money to pay for more rehearsals and, in consequence, a better performance. Mr. Linne wrenched his soul, so to speak, but the orchestra calmly proceeded to omit a good portion of the score and play the remainder in a haphazard way that would argue for the future the omission of an orchestra entirely and the substitution of piano and organ.

Easily, the feature of the performance was the work of Mrs. Minnie Hance, singing the role of Delilah. I never heard her to better advantage in fourteen years. Her voice is decidedly more brilliant and solid now than at the first of that period. Tracy Budington was a new singer to me and he proved that with careful study he may occupy a prominent place among Los Angeles baritones. Mr. McPherson's rhythmic accentuation was rather marked, but he has a voice well worth years of study. John E. Stockman had the role of Samson. In this case, Delilah didn't seduce, she dominated Samson and her singing of the favorite, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," was a beautiful piece of vocal work, which the audience was not slow to recognize.

Outside of any reference to the good and bad points of the above performance of "Samson and Delilah," I cannot feel that this opera is one which is successful when sung as an oratorio. To make its full appeal it must have the life, the color, the action, the scenic accessories. The music is written to assist and exemplify the action. It works hand in hand with the other essentials of the opera. But remove the other essentials and the music is inadequate to keep the interest. Possibly, this could be improved by the omission of more of the dialogue—so long as the words are not printed for the auditor or sung so as to be understood. The modern idea is condensation, even the real oratorios feel the effects of this in less attendance now than thirty years ago. If the attendance of the public is desired this spirit must be met half way by a free use of the blue pencil on non-essential sections of oratorio and opera and on the old-time repetitions in sonata and symphony.

Gamut Club "smokers" are taking on a more serious atmosphere than formerly. The directors of the club have adopted the plan of bringing forward at these monthly informal meetings

one or more members or visitors who are able to talk interestingly on their pet topic. For instance, at the "smoker" last week, J. P. Dupuy gave a half hour lecture recital on French music and composers, illustrating his talk by songs from Mailland, Auber, Chaminade and others. Mr. Dupuy brought out a number of interesting points in history and biography and made his talk of value to those who had not studied these subjects. Then there was Will Chapin, with a "chalk-talk" in which he touched in an informal way on the principles of physiognomy, of caricature and of the theory of color. He rapidly illustrated his ideas on the blackboard before a thoroughly interested audience. By this plan of the Gamut Club, its meetings can become more than mere play and good fellowship. The monthly dinners give the latter, with opportunities to hear rarely interesting programs by local and visiting artists. These mid-month smokers were less formal and had plenty of music; but with this idea of presenting a half hour of something "worth-while" the club makes a still wider appeal and is of greater value to its members.

Mrs. Charles A. Bradley gave a vocal recital at the Gamut Club theater Thursday of last week. Her voice is a contralto of unusual power and compass. Next month she will leave for Italy where she will study under masters of reputation. Her voice is one which will repay arduous study. Among the numbers she offered were songs by Neddlinger, Vannah, Bond, Colby, and operatic arias by Verdi. The soloist was assisted by a woman's trio and a double quartet from the First M. E. Church choir, Clyde Cotuison, organist, and Lore Ludwig, tenor. The Verdi arias especially showed the worth of the soloist's voice and with the subjection to the proper regime of study much may be expected of her in the future.

Beginning Thursday, June 4, and extending through June 7, Long Beach will present its residents and visitors with a musical festival of no mean proportions. A chorus of 400 voices is in course of training for this event and with orchestra and selected soloists, Mr. Haraldi will furnish the violin solos, Clifford Lott the baritone solos, Mrs. Thorner of Indianapolis, and Miss Van de Mark of Oakland, the soprano selections.

One of the recent programs given at the Ebell club house was that by Oscar Werner and Mrs. Werner, before the Cosmos Club. Mr. Werner is one of the several capable violinists of Los Angeles who are too immersed in their teaching to be heard in public except at rare intervals, and yet whose capabilities enable them to put up interesting programs when they so desire. On this occasion Mr. Werner played a sonata by one of the old Italian writers, Veracini, a larghetto from what was stated on the program as Tartini's "Devil's Eye" sonata—one of those funny lapses of the printer that make the artist shudder. Also two numbers by Bach and one each from Dvorak, Tchaikowsky, Hubay, Koepping and Paganini—an array of composers worth the playing of any artist. Mrs. Werner's assistance at the piano was most acceptable.

Jode Anderson has presented several talented pupils in recital recently and one of these was Charles Olerich, who

was heard in a piano program at Symphony hall the evening of May 20. That Mr. Olerich is well advanced in piano technic was shown by his selections, which included such difficult works as the Tausig arrangement of the Schubert "Marche Militaire," Tausig's arrangement of the Bach toccata and fugue in D minor, the Rachmaninoff prelude in C sharp minor, and the E major Polonaise by Liszt. In addition to these were a number of works of lesser caliber but no less pleasing. Among them were two selections by Homer Grunn and one, in manuscript, by Henry Schoenfeld. It is an excellent idea to set pupils to work at compositions by local writers, providing good selection is made. This plan interests both pupils and hearers in the work of local writers.

In speaking of "local composers," the propaganda in their favor is not made because they are better than composers in New York or Cincinnati, but because there is a decided tendency to overlook that which is done at home, simply because it is a home product. Music is no better because it is written in Berlin or Boston than if it were written in Watts or Garvanza. All a composer should ask is that it be used if it is good music—as good as comes from eastern centers—and that it be not discarded or overlooked simply because it is of home origin. Hence, when the tendency to pass by the local writer is combated by others who frankly champion the home writer, things are evened up somewhat.

Miss Kathryn Stone, at the head of music in the grammar schools of Los Angeles, is planning a concert in which her entire force of sixth grade students shall participate. This may seem a matter of only passing interest to many readers; but when it is considered that the total of the participants runs from six to seven thousand, an idea of the labor incident to the preparation of the affair may be gained. These students are scattered all over Los Angeles, from Hollywood to Gardena and South Pasadena. There is only one house in the city which will seat the performers—let alone any audience, so the most of the audience will be dispensed with, I understand. Shrine Auditorium is announced as the scene of this unique concert. The participants will be seated on the floor of the house and on the stage. Only the gallery will be open to visitors. In addition to the chorus numbers, the combined school orchestras will play, under the leadership of Jennie L. Jones, flutist of the Woman's orchestra, and it will be "some orchestra," for it will number close to 900 players. Various of the school glee clubs will be heard and a few of the most musical pupils in solos. In addition, several local soloists of prominence will assist. Such occasions do much to increase the interest of the children in musical matters, as well as bring before the public the patient work the teachers of music in the public schools are doing.

Reception to the directorate of the symphony orchestra last week proved a musical event of no small importance, from the character of the pro-

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 6, 1914.

011775. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 9:00 a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Nine Zannetta, Lacroq, of Topanga, California; George Crosby Tucker, Charles Edwin Carrell, Ferrin Sale Trowbridge, all of Calabasas, California.

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Dr. Norman Bridge Pleads for Symphony Orchestra

gram presented. This was given at the residence of G. Allen Hancock, treasurer of the board. The participants on the program were a trio composed of Messrs. Dobbings, Hancock and Strobridge, playing numbers from Klein, and Tschalkowsky; Olney Dobbings, of the symphony orchestra, played the second polonaise of Wieniawski; W. E. Strobridge gave several selections on the pipe organ of this palatial home; Bernice Roach Oberweinder—years ago a resident of Los Angeles and recently returned—played at the piano one of the "Benedictions" by Liszt, the "Berceuse" of Chopin, and the Rachmaninoff Prelude in G. minor; Allen Hancock gave a violoncello solo, from the "Meistersingers" of Wagner, and Adelaide Cannon recited "King Robert of Sicily" with organ accompaniment by W. E. Strobridge. This affair was confined to the directors of the symphony orchestra and wives or husbands.

Marcella Craft, formerly of Riverside, and now prominent in European opera, has been interviewed by a Munich writer as follows:

"She showed me a wonderful Oriental fan which was sent to her recently by Prince Adalbert for her to use in 'Salomé.' Miss Craft has an interesting tale to tell about how she originally came to sing 'Salomé.' She had already been cast for the part by the Hoftheater and had 'begged off' on the plea that it would be 'harmful to health and dangerous to voice' for her to attempt it. Richard Strauss heard Miss Craft one night as Teresa in 'Benvenuto Cellini' and when he met her at a tea next day he said 'Why don't you sing 'Salomé'?' 'It is too low for me,' replied Miss Craft. 'I'll change it!' said the composer promptly. 'But I should insist on doing the dance myself,' went on Miss Craft. 'It would be wrong to have anybody else,' agreed Strauss. 'I shan't kiss the head the way some singers do, and if they embody your ideal then I simply will not sing the role,' continued Miss Craft with American 'spunk,' and Strauss laughed and permitted the use of a veil over the platter. True to his word, he wrote new notes in several places for Miss Craft, in a score she still has, and that was the beginning of her unique interpretation of the role."

Mary Lagrand Reed, formerly of Los Angeles, who has studied with Jean de Reszke, was one of the singers at the first Chappell ballad concert in London after the Christian vacation.

Vernon Spencer's piano recital at Chickering hall, last Saturday night, presented a program that was decidedly out of the ordinary, though a few of the usual repertory numbers, from Chopin, Schumann and Liszt were played. The novelties were a sonata in one movement by Campbell Tipton (would that this example in writing sonatas in only one movement were more generally followed), two selections by Rachmaninoff, two by Arensky, a group from Grieg and an arrangement of a Rubenstein dance, made by Mr. Spencer. In all, there was a baker's dozen, to which were added encore numbers. Mr. Spencer, before this, has demonstrated his right to a premiere place among Western pianists and the requirements of this program would have fixed his status as such, if more proof were necessary. This was a semi-private affair but it would not be amiss for a more public demonstration of Mr. Spencer's artistry to be arranged, as he not only has an unusual repertoire but has at his command unlimited means of pianistic expression.

Advanced piano and violin pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker were heard in recital at the Gamut Club, last Tuesday night. These Becker affairs not only present well-developed pupils but they call out an attendance which is flattering alike to teachers and performers.

Giving women's clubs credit for performing the best in modern life, Dr. Norman Bridge Wednesday afternoon addressed the Hollywood Woman's Club, making a strong plea for the support of fine music. James Tabor Fitzgerald also spoke before the women on the mutual benefits to be derived by their interest and help in the affairs of the organization. Dr. Bridge's address was as follows:

Whatever else women's clubs have done in these later years, they have become the conservators of all that is best in our modern life. They stand for the orderly and temperate conduct of society, for its enlightenment, and for its refinements. They stand for better education and a wider vision for all women and for men. They have made living easier and more enjoyable.

In Southern California pre-eminently, women's clubs have worked for the higher civilization, for the embellishment of life, for those pleasures that have no ultimate sting in them, and which make for the better spiritual life and pleasures of the people.

Music has been a part of the finer pleasures and of the ennobling influences of the human race through all historic time. If music is a concord of sound at which men go to battle, it is also the harmony that makes for the better emotions of the human heart, and for the inspirations of religion. It has no sting, and is followed by no regrets. No morning head follows in its wake. Musical cultivation and appreciation are of the best society, the best community to live with, the best kind to know and be near. The love of music is a good emotion that drives out bad ones and keeps them out.

The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils; the emotions of his spirit are as dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus; let no such man be trusted.

Los Angeles and its vicinage, with a population of 600,000 souls, constitutes a musical community, it is also by all averages an educated one. It probably reads and devours more strong literature in proportion to its population than any other metropolitan community. Music is a part of this superiority, and the record of Los Angeles is remarkable. In this city there are more than 2,000 music teachers, who receive more than \$20,000 per week for instructions given. These teachers are an integral part of the permanent community; more than 70 per cent of them, we are told, live in their own houses. In Los Angeles and vicinity 70,000 pianos are assessed for taxes, and more than 7,000 pianos a year are sold, a good many of them on the installment plan, for which our citizens are paying in this manner about \$2,250,000 a year. The piano dealers employ some 500 people in their business, to whom they pay annually over half a million dollars in wages. There are \$5,000,000 invested in victrolas alone in this city, and 300,000 of their musical records are sold each year. Music and musical things, therefore, are a part of our industrial life, and we cannot ignore them if we would—and I hope we would not disregard them if we could.

We are spending vast sums of money for foreign talent in the form of traveling musical organizations, for concerts, theaters and operas—most of which money goes out of the state and is lost to our industries.

It is important that in a community of this sort there should be seasonally some music rendered of the high-

est possible artistic excellence, both for the standard it sets for our music teachers and pupils, and for the musical growth and joy of our people. There are only a few forms in which pre-eminently this highest class of music is made for any city; one is grand opera; another is chamber music of the highest class; another is the various concerts by individuals and troupes from home and abroad; another, and the most vitally valuable for any city which is fortunate enough to have them, is symphony concerts by a permanent, much-practicing orchestra of superior excellence.

The grand opera is the least valuable of all these forms, for its musical phase is only a minor element in its influence, much the larger being its dramatic, personal and display features. It is much a matter of social function and a study of personal adornments. And it is only a few superior opera combinations that are capable of making as high a standard of real music as a good symphony orchestra, giving repeated concerts by the hands of local artists. The grand opera for our city has also the material disadvantage that it takes vast sums of money out of the community that could better accomplish a musical purpose by being kept here.

Every large city with esthetic ambitions and modern enterprise has a symphony orchestra. Cities in our own country that have become famous for the excellence of such organizations are Boston, New York and Chicago. Many other cities, have those that while less famous, are doing excellent work. Los Angeles has today a symphony orchestra that, by the judgment of eastern critics, belongs in the class with the three cities named. It lately closed a season of concerts that were phenomenal in the musical history of the community. It is composed of some sixty men and one woman; all of whom are musical experts, and nearly all of whom are engaged in music as a profession. They are led by a director of renown on two continents, and in whose praise the people who have listened to the symphony concerts of the past season are enthusiastic.

But the approval of the public is moderate compared with that of the members of the orchestra itself. I venture to say that not since musical scores were first written and played has there been a more enthusiastic organization of musicians than this superb body of artists—enthusiastic both in their desire for musical excellence and in their following of their leader. The basis of this enthusiasm is four-fold; loyalty to music by the members of the orchestra; their faith in the symphony as the highest type of musical expression; their desire for their own individual musical improvement; and their unanimous belief that Adolf Tandler is conducting them steadily towards that goal. By the verdict of all the critics, the artistic success of the performances of our symphony orchestra during the past season was so marked as to be epoch-making.

Symphony orchestras cost money. The admission tickets never can pay the bill; too many expert musicians and too much faithful drilling are necessary for the indispensable musical effects, to make it ever possible for the charges for admission to cover the cost. Every efficient university, college and institution of higher technical learning is in the same situation, also every art gallery and museum. They all must have government aid, the income from endowments, or regular contributions from the friends of their respective activities.

Boston, New York and Chicago have

paid vast sums of money for the support of their symphony work. The annual deficit in Chicago was for years more than \$50,000 and was made up by volunteer contributions. Finally, nearly a million dollars was put into a special building for the orchestra, the income from rentals taking care of most of the deficit. New York, Boston and every other city that has a symphony orchestra have had the same experience—they have all required annual contributions from those wise and public-spirited citizens who know the great educational and civic value of a symphony orchestra of the sort that Los Angeles is fortunate in having.

The Los Angeles Symphony Association is economical. The salary of the conductor is less than half what it ought to be, and the musicians are paid all too little. The other expenses are kept down to the lowest limit consistent with the best work—and not a man or woman on the board of directors or in the orchestra itself would for a moment consent that we can afford to drop the standard of artistic excellence, and it shall not be lowered, but be advanced as far and as fast as is possible.

Mr. Tandler is now in Europe, and will return in the late summer with some available musical novelties, if there are any. But nothing that he would accept will lessen his or our loyalty to the great musical works that we already possess, many of which were heard with delight by the splendid symphony audiences of the past season.

The cost of the season just closed was over \$37,000; something over a third of this was covered by receipts for tickets and advertising in the program. The expenses for the coming season ought to be slightly less, owing to the fact that fewer rehearsals will be needed. An unusual number of rehearsals was required early in the last season to bring the orchestra up to the high point it has attained in playing together and with the finest expression. That remarkable ensemble will be not only maintained, but improved.

It is evident to any observing person that if a symphony orchestra is maintained in this city it must never be allowed to drop below its present attainment, and that it should be improved year by year till by all judges it shall have no superior in America. To do this, it will cost from thirty to fifty thousand dollars annually. If this money is raised for such purpose it must be through the voluntary gifts of a relatively few people. We can never ask the whole public to give, nor can the people be taxed for the purpose. The givers will be the public-spirited men and women who love the best music, who know the value of it to the public, and who are determined that as far as they can they will keep the city of Los Angeles in the front of American cities in all the finer essentials of western enlightenment.

Will it pay to do this? I, for one, unhesitatingly say it will. It will pay by the reputation it will give the city as a center of not merely high culture, but the highest culture. It will pay by the encouragement it will give to every teacher and pupil of music in Southern California. It will pay by contributing to the material sustenance of the large colony of professional musicians who live and work here—for through them all this money will be used here and be disseminated through the general public, and not go to the east and to foreign countries. It will pay because it will be another attraction to many cultivated and forceful people to come here to live, and we cannot have too many of this kind of folks. It will pay because many good people here love music in its

(Continued on page 9)



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

American and European Painters—Museum Gallery of Fine Arts.
Senefelder Club—Museum Gallery of Fine Arts.

Today is gala day at the Museum of History, Science and Art at Exposition Park. The building and its long avenues of approach are gay with flags and the gardens are sure to be thronged with merrymakers. Inside the great building that stands unique among the museums of the world, a great concourse of people will gather and the marble halls will be crowded to their capacity. Waving palms and tropical plants bank the balconies and corridors and bands of musicians will contribute their talents to the brilliant gathering. A thousand guests will assemble at the invitation of the board of governors for the Museum to witness the unveiling of the allegorical group designed and executed by Julia Bracken Wendt for the rotunda of the new building. The statue is cast in bronze and represents history, science and art. Three graceful female figures, clad in flowing draperies, support on lifted arms a lighted globe. For the last month this colossal group has stood in the Museum rotunda wrapped in dingy white cloth; today it will be wreathed with garlands and canopied by American flags. Today, is the formal unveiling of the Wendt statue and another important epoch in our development as a progressive community is being recorded. At the museum the bands will play and orations are the order of the day. While the flowers of love and memory are being scattered above the graves of the honored dead, the peace and prosperity of a new nation—a land of progress and advancement—will be celebrated by the representative people of the community at the Museum.

No statue that America possesses is more significant than the Wendt group. It has for the last three years occupied the center of the stage in the field of local art. Since the first announcement was made that the county of Los Angeles and the Fine Arts League had together commissioned Julia Bracken Wendt to execute a monumental bronze group for the Museum building, many eyes have been focussed on the work. Scores of photographs have been published and many columns of newspaper space have been accorded the project. In the time that the work was going on in the Wendt studio on Sichel street hundreds of people observed its progress. Many of us have seen the group develop through all its various stages from a tiny wax model to a completed form. Today, the work lives in eternal bronze of wonderful hue and texture and at last Los Angeles possesses one really good public statue. This is our first and only one deserving the name. Small wonder that we deem it the most significant statue in the world, and laud it unto the seventh heaven of perfection.

I have said so much in print about the few hideous monuments that disfigure our city and my words have been so deliberately and maliciously chosen that I can think of no more deprecating remarks to hurl at the Stephen White atrocity on the court house lawn, the Soldiers' Monument and the fountain in Central Square. Let us

close our eyes in passing and try to forget that these things are with us. It seems hard at this time to confront the situation, and it may be like turning the knife in a wound to point to San Francisco as a comparison. However, I cannot refrain on this occasion from giving just a little list of the public statues that adorn the street corners and squares in the northern city against the one we have. Here are a few of the more important works by noted sculptors that may be seen in San Francisco: Lotta's Fountain, Dewey monument, Native Sons' monument, McKinley monument, Statue of Liberty, James Lick monument, U. S. Grant monument, Junipero Serra monument, Robert Burns statue, Garfield monument, Baseball monument, Halleck monument, Volunteers' monument, and the Stevenson monument. Is my argument strong enough? Need I say more?

General improvements go merrily on at the gallery of fine arts and each new one adds to the perfection of the scheme. Now that the glass cases have been removed, the floor space in the main gallery can be utilized by the employment of the new art screens, for print exhibits and general collections of small canvases. Two additional benches will be placed upon the floor and urns for holding palms and bay trees will soon be installed. On a specially designed base, opposite the main entrance, will stand Julia Bracken Wendt's delightful fountain design called "Pipes o' Pan." The gallery floor has been retained in harmony with the general color scheme of the room and the effect upon the canvases is vastly better. Several new paintings have recently been added to the collection. These include "Survival of the Fittest" by Sammann, "Vanity" and "Snow-Clad" by Helena Dunlap, "Sisters" and "Little Girl in Green" by Henrietta M. Shore, "Arcadia" by Karl Yens, and "Autumn" by William Lees Judson. Simultaneous with the unveiling of the Wendt group, a special exhibition of oriental art will open in gallery "E" under the supervision of Mrs. N. K. Nettleship. This collection includes rare tapestries, robes, bronzes, and porcelains. In the Asiatic room a special exhibit of oriental symbols is being shown.

One of the most unusual and unquestionably the most noteworthy collection of paintings ever shown in Los Angeles will open at the gallery of fine arts about June 10, to continue one month. This will be a collection of twenty-two canvases selected from the works by the ten mural painters of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. Men who will show work at this time are Milton H. Baneroff, William de Leftwick Dodge, Frank Vincent DuMond, Frederick Melville DuMond, Jules Guerin, Childe Hassam, Charles Holloway, Robert Reid, and Edward Simmons. A reception and private view will be given at the opening of the exhibition.

Colonial Room at the Museum of History, Science, and Art, was formally opened Saturday with one of the largest and most comprehensive collections of colonial furniture, spinning wheels, china, glassware and bric-a-brac ever seen in the southwest. A special room on the second floor has been set aside for this department and already it is crowded to its capacity with rare and valuable articles. Old

engravings, prints, embroideries and tapestries cover the walls, and arranged in antique cabinets and specially designed table cases are many fine examples of silver, porcelain and handicraft. Groups of colonial furniture, artistically set forth, add a homelike charm to the room. Among the valuable relics on view, mention may be made of the famous Watson bed, John Wesley's chair, Martha Washington's tea chairs, George Washington's Masonic apron, candlestick and chair, Marie Antoinette's handkerchief, branch of Washington Elm, the Sword of Bunker Hill, the first piano made in Philadelphia, Queen Victoria's dress, and many other historic relics. Among the public spirited citizens who have loaned articles to this department are Miss Frances Wills, Mrs. C. L. Stanton, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Matthew Robertson, Mr. Thomas Clark, Mrs. E. F. Osgood, Mr. Lee Powers, Mrs. Benedict, Misses M. H. and C. Wickes, Miss Hendee, Mrs. C. R. Stanford, and the Countess Sussini.

M. J. Burns, the well-known illustrator, is holding an exhibition of his work in oil color at the Kanst gallery. Mr. Burns comes from that old school which developed so many famous painters who served their apprenticeship as illustrators. Much of Mr. Burns' work is descriptive of the life of the Labrador fisher folk, and a large portion of his life has been in the far north. This exhibition includes a number of the original drawings popular in magazines as well as a group of marines, landscapes and thumb-box sketches, and will be open for two weeks. While in California Mr. Burns will paint illustrations for a number of eastern magazines.

Los Angeles Camera Club is holding its annual traveling exhibition at the club rooms on Hill Street. Many interesting prints are being shown.

The two 1915 expositions are to be done in oil by two artists who have been employed by the Santa Fe. The pictures, when finished, will be used as advertising features in the company's offices, scattered throughout this country and Europe. H. G. Villa and Oscar Bryn are the artists engaged to do this work. They will leave today for San Francisco, accompanied by C. A. Birchfield of the Santa Fe's advertising department, to begin work. From San Francisco they will go to San Diego.

William Wendt, the landscape artist, passed the week sketching near Santa Barbara. Mr. Wendt is planning an extended trip in this vicinity next summer.

Miss Esther Hunt was hostess at a studio reception at her attractive home, 214 East Sixteenth street, Wednesday afternoon from four to seven. A number of Miss Hunt's latest canvases were on exhibition.

Army as a Life-Saving Agency
Philadelphia Ledger: Our army is doing more to save than to destroy life: it is an indication of a new militarism. What is considered the duty of American soldiers would have been impossible with the legions of Caesar or the regiments of Napoleon. Our army is a life-saving agency. The signal corps of Alaska is opening that country, and the railroad may be built by our soldiers.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, Etc., of LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC, published weekly at Los Angeles, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor and publisher, Samuel T. Clover, San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Owner, Samuel T. Clover.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

(Signed) SAMUEL T. CLOVER.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of May, 1914.

(Seal) B. C. STRANG,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(My commission expires Jan. 15th, 1917.)

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his former location

George Goldsmith

Maker of Men's Clothes

Dr. Bridge Pleads for Symphony
(Continued from page 8)

highest perfection, which is the symphony, and will not be deprived of it. Finally, it will pay because it will save and conserve our self-respect, and this is a large asset to some of us.

We are unnecessarily sending several millions of dollars to Europe each year to sustain many of our music pupils, because we imagine they can be better taught there than they can be in America. Time was when that was true and necessary, but it has not been necessary for a quarter of a century, and it is not necessary in Los Angeles today, except on the theory that we sometimes think we must have Paris gowns and other things, because it is a fashion, and for the glamour that appears to attach to things that are imported. The best possible symphony orchestra, and if we have one at all it must be nothing less than that, will tend to disturb this needless fashion, and to wear away the fetish of the glamour, and bring us back to our senses, and to know that there is no music in all the world that, for its genuine qualities, may not be found at least in New York, Boston, Chicago and the Los Angeles metropolis.

A century ago it was general belief that no great book could come out of America. It took a long time to outgrow that delusion; we have belied it these many years by a magnificent body of American literature. We shall recover also from a similar delusion about music—it may be a slow process, but we are working toward recovery. We have written some good music, and some awfully bad, and we have learned to play all the good music—and the symphony has been, and will continue to be, one of the most potent factors in this attainment.

Mrs. John Sinnott of Philadelphia has been a much feted guest this week. She is staying with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Denman, Jr., of Twenty-second street.

Social & Personal

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine of Lake street have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Martha Woolwine, to Mr. Thomas Weeks Banks of Nashville, Tenn., to take place Wednesday evening, June 10, at St. John's Episcopal church. Many of Miss Woolwine's close friends are not yet "out" and her bridal party is composed largely of future debutantes. Her closest friend, Miss Dorothy Lindley, is to be maid of honor, while the bridesmaids will be Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Florence Johnson, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Mary Hughes, and Miss Jean Patterson. Mr. Banks will arrive in Los Angeles the coming week, and with him will be Mr. Will Bennie, Mr. Adolph Hill, Mr. John Ronson, Mr. Keeling Phillips, Mr. Charles W. Whitchurch, and Mr. Keith McVaughn. The next evening Miss Dorothy Williams will give a dinner-dance for the happy party at the Los Angeles Country Club, and it is planned that for the week end Miss Eleanor Banning will take them all over to Catalina in the Banning yacht for a house party. Miss Elizabeth Wood is to give a dinner-dance for them, and Miss Dorothy Williams is planning a dinner, as is Miss Mary Hughes. As Miss Woolwine is recovering from a slight indisposition, she may not attend all the many affairs that her friends would shower upon her, but the visitors will have a continuous round of gayety, even with the guest or honor left out. The young bride-elect is a beautiful and popular member of the younger set, and her school days are just passed. The news that she will make her home in Nashville is a matter of keen regret to her many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woolwine of Beverly Hills are also planning to entertain the young people who are here to attend Miss Martha's wedding, and it is probable that their affair will be a dinner dance.

Mrs. Edward D. Silent of Severance street gave the second of a series of afternoon teas with which she has been entertaining Wednesday afternoon. Early in the afternoon there were five tables of bridge, and later a number of friends dropped in for a chat over the tea cups. The house was decked with roses and fleur de lis. Mrs. Silent will close her home June 1, and will take an apartment at the Bryson for the summer.

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil is enjoying "the simple" life at her ranch home, Los Cacomites, in Azusa, where many friends motor up for tea through the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips of Berkeley Square, who have just returned from an outing in New Mexico, are planning a dinner dance for the junior set Wednesday evening, in honor of their daughter, Miss Lucille Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham of Arlington avenue had twelve guests to dinner Tuesday evening. Masses of many-colored snapdragons were used as a striking centerpiece.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Orre E. Monnette gave a dinner at their home on Wilshire boulevard, covers being laid for fourteen. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Monnette will preside at a luncheon party.

After the formal announcement of her engagement to Mr. John Randall Munn, Miss Harriet Severance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, has decided to be married June

6, since Mr. Munn must go to Brazil to remain for two years. Miss Severance has been in England with Mr. and Mrs. Melville Young, and the ceremony will take place under their chaperonage in London.

Mrs. Arthur Letts has issued invitations for a luncheon to be given Wednesday in honor of Miss Cora Auten.

Among the June tea parties is that with which Mrs. J. S. Valley is to entertain next Saturday at her Flower street home.

After motoring through the Yosemite and other northern points of interest, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mrs. George Denis, Dr. W. E. Waddell, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, and Master Wilcox Drake are once more in Los Angeles.

Arriving tomorrow will be Mrs. O. W. Childs and Miss Emmeline Childs, who have come from New York to attend the marriage of Miss Sallie McFarland and Mr. Paul Grimm. Miss Childs is to be one of the bridal party. They will be domiciled at the Darby during their brief stay here.

Mrs. Henry T. Gage and Miss Fanita Gage have left for Rome to visit Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Rand—the latter well remembered here as Miss Lucille Gage. In their absence former Governor Gage will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gage of New Hampshire street.

Miss Gladys Lindsay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lycurgus Lindsay, whose marriage to Mr. Frank Splane is to take place June 17, has been the guest of honor at a number of pleasant affairs. Most of these have been tendered by the girls who were sorority sisters of Miss Lindsay at Marlborough. Mrs. Charles D. Wood gave a luncheon for her Tuesday, and Mrs. Randolph Talcott Zane entertained in the same fashion Thursday afternoon. Miss Florence Mahoney, who is to be one of the bridal party, is also planning a luncheon, and there are several other pretty affairs to come.

Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe, who was Miss Annis Van Nuys, gave a housewarming and a farewell party in one at her handsome new home in Gramercy place Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Schweppe's mother and sister, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Kate Van Nuys, who are leaving for Europe, were the guests of honor, and the many friends who dropped in for a farewell cup of tea, enjoyed the informal occasion.

Bridge and luncheon were enjoyed by the friends who gathered informally at the home of Mrs. W. K. Flowerree of South Burlington avenue Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. N. F. Wilshire plans to pass the summer months at Miramar, where she has a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parish Jeffries and their children, will go to Santa Monica for the summer months, having closed their home on Arapahoe street and opened their beach cottage.

Mrs. Freeman G. Teed of 1315 W. Forty-first Place will be the house guest of Mrs. Mary H. Banning of North Broadway, until Colonel Teed returns from the East.

Mrs. Jack Foster of West Twenty-eighth street entertained informally at bridge Tuesday afternoon in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Robert Haase of St. Paul. Mrs. John Sinnott was a

special guest. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Foster gave a similar affair for Mrs. Haase, the special guest being Mrs. Katherine Fiske, the well known singer.

Mrs. John Niven of Hobart boulevard has joined the deserters from Los Angeles, and left this week for Salt Lake City for a visit with her mother, taking her two small boys with her. Mr. Niven will join her later and they will enjoy a trip through the northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blanchard of Crown Hill will leave next week for Montreal. They will sail from that port June 20 for a European trip.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Kate Van Nuys will leave for New York this morning, en route for a summer in Europe.

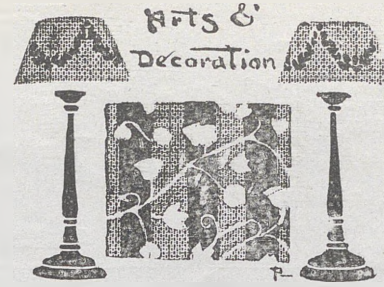
Miss Katherine and Miss Marjorie Ramsay, the daughters of Mrs. William Ramsay of Western avenue, have returned from a fortnight of festivities in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Morlan and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Visel will pass the summer at the Morlan cottage at Venice, and Mrs. Visel are now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Morlan in their home in Manhattan place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wood have gone to Oakland and after the banker's convention there will go east for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Longyear and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Waters will also enjoy a stay in Oakland.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. William D. Stephens and her daughter, Mrs. Randolph T. Zane, were at home informally at 1108 West Twenty-seventh street.

Mr. and Mrs. Terence Ryan are the proud parents of a young son. Mrs. Ryan was Miss Estelle Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Johnson.



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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 21, 1914.

017573. Non-coal. NOTICE is hereby given that Hal W. Vaughan, of Cornell, California, who, on January 29, 1913, made homestead entry, No. 017573, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, and NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 8th day of July, 1914, at 9:00 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank H. Thew, Mrs. Bessie Haney, Charles M. Decker, all of Cornell, Cal., and James F. Vaughan, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

-:- Bivouac of the Dead -:-

By THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swell's upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming life
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light,
That gilds your deathless tomb.

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F-2352

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

021600. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Louisa Hacker, whose post-office address is Box 1849, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 23rd day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021600, to purchase the S½ SW¼, and W¼ SE¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 27, 1914.

Non-coal. 012957.
Notice is hereby given that Lusetta Schuere, of 6119 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif., who, on May 1, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 012957, for W¼ NW¼, SE¼ NW¼, SW¼ NE¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 17th day of July, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Hipolyte Biele, of Los Floras Canyon, Santa Monica, Cal.; Stephen W. Chick, of 2170 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.; Harry O. Wilmington, of 1507 McCullam St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Thomas H. Bardley, of Los Flores Canyon, Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

There is food for the most fastidious psychologist at the Burbank theater this week, where the enthusiastic patrons of that house are being given injections of the philosophy of faith and optimism in the form of Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." To watch Sunday afternoon's audience, composed of as polyglot an organization as any city could gather, with the shifting expressions across the intent faces, is a drama more interesting than any pen has yet achieved. Not to the play itself—despite the ancient slogan of Shakespeare—but to the players is due the respectful interest, the hearty enthusiasm evoked by "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." It is new pabulum for these ardent theatergoers. Most of them are simple souls, looking for entertainment, not for thought; but their almost pathetic devotion to their idols of the stage is the means of broadening the horizon of many such souls.

Mrs. Burnett can never write without an overflow of sentimentality which often mars her earnestness. Her little slum girl, whose faith causes the clouds to roll away, suffers from this exaggeration. But there is something about the play, something about the sight of this ragged, dirty child of the streets, born and bred in the gutters, yet lifting up her hands to God and asking just for a chance, that touches a chord. The play deals entirely with the emotions, and never with the intellect, and probably that is why it has made such an enduring success. For it does not reach the requirements of a good play. The first act is an atrocious thing—long drawn out, dreary, with the machinery plainly evident. Not until the second act does the action begin, and only while Glad is on the scene does the interest really hold. There is an overplus of tears. Thomas McLarnie whimpers through the first lines of Sir Oliver Holt, whom Glad saves from suicide. Even a man as mentally ill as Sir Oliver would scarcely descend to so unmanly a spectacle. In the latter moments of the play McLarnie reveals his real talent. Richard Vivian as young Oliver Holt is warmly welcomed, and Forrest Stanley forgets himself and acts a character role as Dandy, Glad's sweetheart. For the first time since she has been entrusted with a leading role, Selma Paley does not play herself. She has evidently made a careful study of Glad. It is a big part for this young girl, whose equipment is not yet complete for such a role. But save for a wavering of the cockney accent—the entire company has a deal of difficulty with that—she does the best work she has offered outside of her musical comedy roles. The sincerity of her prayers, the earnestness of her conception justifies a faith in her future success. There are innumerable small parts, and among them the coffee vendor of Charles Buck stands out strongly, because of the truth of the portrait and the faithfulness of its detail. As usual, the scenery is highly satisfactory, especially the London fog.

Musical Bill at the Orpheum

Take music away from the Orpheum bill this week, and there would be little left. In the holdovers, Ben Deely's act, and the elaborate "Neptune's Garden," there are many melodic interpolations, and most of the newcomers rely upon ditties and ballads for their success. One of the most appealing dancing acts we have had is that presented

by Annette Woodman and Guy Livingstone. She is a slender, pretty little creature, and he a good looking, if rather self-conscious young chap. They dance gracefully, and not spectacularly, with more thought of poetry and beauty, than of appeal to sex. It is all very delicately done—like a pastoral idyll. Nick Verga, the Newsboy Caruso—O, kind press agents, may we not be spared the newsboy, cowboy,

assisted by Virginia Dare, who does little except to wear several startling X-Ray effects. The Moneta Five sing popular airs and play a large number of conventional and curious instruments. The house likes them hugely, until they sing and play "Apple Blossom Time in Normandy" with such a weird series of discords that it appals even an Orpheum aggregation. Master Gabriel appears in a sentimental little comedy, "Little Kick," that gives him a good opportunity to shine as a humorous youngster. Gabriel's childish impersonations are really wonderful. Although he is a holdover, Harry Gilfoil remains the star of the bill.

Offerings for Next Week

Oliver Morosco's delightful production of J. Hartley Manner's play, "Peg o' My Heart," will open a week's engagement at the Majestic theater Sunday night. Peggy O'Neill, whose



BLANCHE BATES, STAR PERFORMER AT ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

bootblack, Chinaman, and heaven knows what other kind of Carusos you have wished upon us?—does a popular turn in a popular way, but Caruso might well enter a suit for damages for his vaudeville namesakes. Sydney Jarvis makes a terrific lot of noise and swings his arms madly in an effort at individuality. He ends up by reciting one of Robert Service's Yukon poems. And a Service poem recited by a man who lisps leaves one stripped of the proper blasts of condemnation. He is

beauty, talent and youthful charms, have served to fill many columns of "press dope" since her debut in the role, has the part of Peg made famous by Laurette Taylor. Martin Sabine will play Jerry, and the role of Mrs. Chichester, the English aunt who attempts to train Peg to be a "lady" will be interpreted by Maggie Fisher. Jane Meredith will have the part of Ethel Chichester, and there are a number of others prominently concerned in the production. Los Angeles liked "Peg o'

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 8, 1914.

021109.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that William D. McConnell, whose post-office address is 1639 Gower St., Hollywood, California, did, on the 2nd day of December, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021109, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone at \$50.00 and the land at \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 20th, 1914.

Non-coal.

019957.

NOTICE is hereby given that Floyd B. Calvert, whose post-office address is 1317 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Cal., did, on the 25th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019957, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of August, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 20th, 1914.

Non-coal.

020471.

NOTICE is hereby given that Grace N. Shirley, whose post-office address is 2214 3rd street, Santa Monica, Cal., did on the 6th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020471, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, and W $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$150.00, and the land \$150.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 4th day of August, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Calif.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 19, 1914.

023101.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that George Stepanek, whose post-office address is 1812 E. 64th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 25th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023101, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of July, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

My Heart" so well when it was originally produced here, that he play broke all stock company records for a long run, and already the demand for seats at the Majestic shows that the lure of the simple sweetness of the drama has lost none of its drawing power.

At the Morosco a fortnight of darkness will end with the production Saturday night of "A Knight for a Day," by the Gaiety company. "A Knight for a Day" has been one of the most successful musical comedies of the last five years. A number of new specialties have been interpolated in order to bring it down to date, and brilliant effects have been invented. Heading the cast are Daphne Pollard, the diminutive comedian, and Alf Goulding. Melville Stokes and La Valera have been secured from vaudeville. Stokes is the youngest dramatic tenor on the American stage, and La Valera's Spanish dancing has won her fame across the continent. Frances White, Charles Mason, Fred Santley, Bessie Franklin, Frank Hayes and Willie Bevan will complete the cast. There is to be a large chorus which will figure in many elaborate numbers.

"The Dawn of Tomorrow," the play of optimism, has been greeted with capacity houses at every performance at the Burbank theater, and the second week of its run will begin Sunday afternoon. It is a departure from the usual line of effort of this popular organization, but it is proving equal to the demands made upon it. Selma Paley is doing an unusually good drawing as "Glad," the little waif whose optimism brings sunshine into the dark alleys of the east end, and into a palace of the west end. Forrest Stanley, Richard Vivian, Grace Travers, Thomas MacLarnie, and other popular members of the company are provided with congenial roles. In rehearsal the Burbank has the melodramatic farce, "Officer 666," a play which has moved audiences to laughter from coast to coast and was a season's success in New York and other metropolitan cities.

Blanche Bates in her first vaudeville tour, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, June 1. Miss Bates will appear in a one-act, three-scene play by Sir James Barrie. She will be here for one week only. Miss Bates ranks among the first of American artists, and has played under the management of David Belasco and Charles Frohman. Another feature act for the coming week is offered by Roshanara, the interpreter of Hindoo dances. Roshanara is English, but was born in India, and has made a life-long study of the native dances. Others on the new bill are Kimberly & Mehr, who have a singing and patter act, "In Clubland," McDevitt, Kelly and Lucey, in "The Piano Movers," which is one of the funniest acts in vaudeville; Mabelle Adams, who brings her talent as a violinist in a little play of German student life, "Wanda," and Lee Barth, a German dialect comedian. Holding over are Master Gabriel, in "Little Kick," and the Moneta Five in new musical numbers.

"The Southerners," a three part photoplay adaptation of the novel of similar title by the eminent American author, Cyrus Townsend Brady, is the feature attraction of the new bill at Miller's, which continues over Sunday. This delightful romance of Civil War times is especially appropriate for Decoration Day. A cast of film stars headed by Mabelle Trunnelle and Richard Tucker interpreted the story. A two reel Vitagraph comedy entitled "Cutie's Wife," is one of the funniest comedies this company has produced. "The Estrangement," a new Selig drama, is also presented.

Maravene Thompson, whose first novel, "The Woman's Law," has had substantial success this spring, is a Boston woman and the wife of a member of the Harvard faculty.

Notes From Bookland

Acting as American representatives of the Cambridge University Press the Putnams announce "The Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Seventeenth Century," in which Gilbert Waterhouse, English lecturer in the University of Leipsic, carries on through that century the study of Anglo-German literary borrowings and influences that was begun in Herford's similar volume on the sixteenth century.

Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, joint author with Arthur Newcomb of "The Job, the Man, and the Boss," is a prominent member of the Efficiency Society. Advance orders for this book were so heavy that a second printing was necessary before the date of publication.

Percy Mackaye records that in the preparations for the forthcoming presentation of his civic masque, "St. Louis," in that city, one of the committees has been composed of a poor immigrant shopkeeper, a millionaire, a labor leader, and a professor of fine arts, all working together with harmony and enthusiasm.

Wilbur Daniel Steele, whose novel "Storm," has attracted attention this spring, is a native of Northern California, lived in Germany as a boy, was educated in the University of Denver, where his father was a member of the faculty, and afterward studied art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and in Paris and Italy.

Herbert Jenkins, the English publisher, also biographer of George Borrow and contributor to magazines and reviews, made his debut as a playwright in a one-act piece, "With Her Husband's Permission," performed last week at Bristol, in the same bill with John Masefield's "Nan."

Caroline Crawford, author of "Dramatic Games and Dances for Children," arranged and taught the dances for the New Theater production of "The Blue Bird" and the Little Theater production of "Snow White" and "Prunella."

Century Company's two-volume autobiography of Andrew D. White has been sent to the presses for its fifth printing.

Booth Tarkington declares that the financial rewards of his first five years of authorship amounted to \$22.50.

Homer Croy is on his way to the Orient to gather material for a humorous book on China.

Elsa Barker's "Letters from a Living Dead Man" is having a warm welcome in England.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother" is now in its eighth printing.

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 2, 1914.

020475. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Claude M. Allen, whose post-office address is Topanga, California, did, on the 6th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020475, to purchase the SE¼, SE¼, Section 34, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at One Hundred Dollars, the stone at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 16th day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 6, 1914.

Orig. 013491. Addn'l 015422. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris of Westgate, California, who, on July 3, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 013491, for Lot 5, Sec. 31, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. M., and on April 28, 1912, made additional homestead entry No. 015422, for the NE¼, NE¼, Section 31, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 25th day of June, 1914, at 9 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lewis K. Harris, of Westgate, Cal.; Jacob Horton, of Soldiers' Home, Cal.; Albert G. Perry, of Westgate, Cal.; Ernest J. Douglas, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

021631. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Albert C. Amet, whose post-office address is Box 1373, Ocean Park, California, did, on the 26th day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021631, to purchase the NE¼ SW¼, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$200.00; the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10.00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

Books

II.

There will be many who would not read "Hail and Farewell" because of any interest in the author, but who cannot afford to neglect it. For George Moore is the best first hand authority on the rise of the Irish literary movement and on the culmination of that movement in the Irish literary theater. The best authority, and by far the most interesting, because he gossips so freely about the enthusiasts who were beginning to devote themselves to Ireland. There will never be drawn more brilliant caricatures than his of AE, of Hyde, of Edward Martyn, of John Eglington, of Yeats, or Lady Gregory. "Edward, great in girth as an owl (he is nearly as reckless), blinking behind his glasses, and Yeats, lank as a rook, a-dream in black silhouette on the flowered wallpaper." Or this already famous picture: "My eyes went to Yeats, who sat, his head drooping on his shirt-front, like a crane, uncertain whether he should fold himself up for the night, and I wondered what was the beautiful eloquence that was germinating in his mind." And then follows a fine appreciation of Yeats' significance to Ireland, of his essential poetry, and all in a passage of the most exquisite literary flavor.

These are portraits from life, the first of the volumes to appear; and though Moore confesses to a love for gibing at his friends there is very little hostility in them. In "Salve," too, there is little that could hurt in his criticism, but there is enough in both to show what he could do if he had the mind. When several months ago the English Review published an advance chapter on Yeats, Lady Gregory and Synge, the whole literary world of Dublin and London was set agog, awaiting with no little terror the appearance of the last volume, "Vale."

And it was not disappointed, for in "Vale" there is biting criticism and some evident hostility. It is as though AE were right when he said a literary movement "consists of five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially." Yeats is described as having "come back from the state with a paunch, a huge stride, and an immense fur overcoat," and quite without poetic inspiration. Lady Gregory, too, is disparaged almost viciously, and is hardly allowed credit for the much that she did to encourage Yeats in the production of his best poetry.

It is impossible here to review the work of the Irish enthusiasts, but one point cannot well be omitted from any mention of "Hail and Farewell." This is the inner history of the marvellous Gaelic English of Synge's plays, for Synge represents the perfection of that new literary language. In "Ave" is described the far too-ingenuous method that was hit on in the co-operative composition of Diarmuid and Grania. Yeats wished that Moore write the tale and then turn the manuscript over to him to have style added to it. He wished a peasant atmosphere.

But Moore pointed out to him that neither of them could write dialect because neither "had the courage to put on a tramp's jacket and wander through the country, sleeping in hovels, eating American bacon, and lying five in a bed. One cannot acquire dialect by going out to walk with Lady Gregory. She goes into the cottages and listens to the story, taking it down while you wait outside, Yeats sitting on a bit of wall, like an old jackdaw, and then filching her manuscript to put style upon it." Then Yeats, after

explaining that one act was horizontal, one circular, whatever that may mean, suggested that Moore write the play in French. "Lady Gregory will translate your text into English. Taidh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregory will translate the Irish text back into English." "And then you'll put style upon it," retorted Moore.

But this scheme came to nothing, for Moore decided after writing one scene in French not to write another line, but to keep his folly of one scene in his pocket "to remind me what a damned fool a clever man like Yeats can be when he is in the mood to be a fool."

Lady Gregory's literary Irish-English that she employs in such works as the Kiltartan Molière is found to be inexact and artificial. Her peppering her pages with "And they do be saying" and "'tis as famished I am altogether," or "A welcome before you," or "And it wasn't a chair they gave him but a stool, and it not in the corner," this does not please Moore, because it is so evidently patched. But for the language of Synge he shows hearty appreciation, for Synge learned from the peasants of Arran, and transliterated their idiomatic and living language into English. The secret of Synge's success seems to have been in the retention of the word-order as much as in any other trick of speech. And Synge was inspired by Ireland, which made him more Irish than most, for most writers about Ireland are English thoroughly. And as a third point, it is not the peasants' own simple speech, for that would be too plain for literary use, Wordsworth and Yeats to the contrary, notwithstanding; but it is that speech become a language and then purified. "Language rises like a spring among the mountains; it increases into a rivulet; then it becomes a river (the water is still unpolluted), but when the river has passed through a town the water must be filtered. And Milton was the first filter, the first stylist."

Moore discusses the unfavorable reception given to the "Playboy," and to "Tinker's Wedding." The latter was complained of because of its treatment of the priests, a fact which mightily pleased Moore, for Moore was anti-Catholic both on literary and on patriotic grounds. In "Ave" he tells how very careful Edward Martyn was in handling the Countess Cathleen. Yeats in his literary inspiration had allowed Cathleen to sacrifice her own soul to save her people, and this did not seem to the priests a lawful martyrdom. Moore stirred up some trouble over it, and talked Martyn down several times, but the play survived the unpopularity of its premiere and became the greatest success of the whole movement.

Moore's influence was largely indirect, though he furnished for the theaters the "Strike at Arlingford," and the "Bending of the Bough," and was co-author with Yeats in "Diarmuid and Grania," first produced by Benson in 1901. But his help as advisor and lecturer, and the general interest he showed in all of those identified with the movement, were of greater value than his plays. He was often a visionary, and often his suggestions were rejected, but he was poet enough to believe in his dreams. He was Irish enough to have dreams.

On thinking back over the whole trilogy there are three more things that stand out preeminently in one's memory as finely literary and charac-



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teristic of George Moore. One is chapter six of "Vale," where is reprinted for the first time the author's lecture in a Dublin gallery on an exhibition of the Post-impressionists. One is that pilgrimage in "Salve," undertaken by Moore and AE in search of the ancient Irish divinities. And the third is chapter twelve in "Vale" where with infinite melancholy Moore laments the passing of youth and love. This last is in a sense the most characteristic of Moore, and grips the imagination whether the reader disapprove Moore's views on love or not. There is deep tragedy in it.

Moore is certainly the most accomplished literary artist now living. His novels were written under an unfortunate obsession, that the artist should dissect life; the scientific attitude of Zola, of Thomas Hardy, in a measure of Meredith. But, fortunately, and by way of restful contrast for us in this age who are inclined to be over-serious, in this autobiography he is content to wander aimlessly over his varied life, dreaming, amused, a worshipper of the beautiful, a playful critic, of all that there is in life. Some will say that he is frivolous, but they will be of those stupid people who can-

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

not recognize that the frivolous, the inconsequent, the fanciful, are of the very stuff of art. For the whole imposing edifice of aesthetics has been built up by those happy men who have known how to play. And among these George Moore will have a crown.

("Hail and Farewell; Ave; Salve; Vale. By George Moore. Heinemann, London.) C. K. J.

"The Purple Mists"

There is something vastly interesting in stories laid on the veldts of South Africa. It is not the touch of romance or of legend, on the contrary, it is the vague glimpses of the strife, the hard work, the struggle for existence and comfort in those desolate places where men wrench their living from an ungracious earth. And it is these glimpses of South African life that make "The Purple Mists," by F. E. Mills Young interesting. Miss Mills Young has neither originality of plot nor character in her story. It is the tale of a girl who marries a young doctor through force of circumstances. He loves her, but she does not know it, and, naturally, the breach grows wider and wider until it ends near to tragedy. It is an old trick of the trade, and has been used a hundred times, nor does Miss Mills Young lend it a new touch. How much more interesting a tale purely of the veldt would have been. ("The Purple Mists," by F. E. Mills Young. John Lane & Co.)

"The Trend"

Here is a poem in prose—a new sort of story that can hardly be identified by conventional standards. It is "The Trend," by William Arkwright. A curious little tale it is—the story of Pan escaped from his sylvan glades and doomed for a brief space to wear the shackles of mankind. To be sure, the author does not call him Pan. The young lad, with his soul in his throat, who sings to the brook and the bees and the birds, who cannot learn "notes," whose music is of instinct and never of training: this boy masquerades as William, but none other than the pagan consciousness of Pan could be this joyous, wistful, sad stripling, whose soul goes out on a burst of song. It is not a story of the mind that is looking for a novel, but for the man who enjoys an occasional dip into fairy tales, and who likes a depth of philosophical comment, there is more than one hour of delight in the book. ("The Trend," By William Arkwright. John Lane & Co.)

Notes From Bookland

It is well known that Shelley was in debt when he died. It has not been generally known, however, that Byron had lent him money. In a letter addressed to a Mr. Webb, which has just been discovered at Leghorn, Byron tells all he knows about the pecuniary affairs of his fellow-poet at the time of his death, and assures his correspondent that if he has been made an executor (as he was, by the way) he will do all he can to satisfy the creditors. He also says: "The day before he was lost he borrowed of me fifty pounds, which were on board in cash when the boat went down." It does not matter much now whether either Byron or Mr. Webb got back any of their money, but it is interesting to know that Shelley asked Byron to lend him money, remarks the New York Times. Why he, who was always so prodigal of gifts and loans, should not have done so is hard to say, but his biographers have insisted that there was a coldness between them, although so many of Shelley's later days were passed under Byron's roof.

One of the big circulating libraries of London reports that the most popular novelist among its subscribers is Mrs. Florence Barclay, with Miss Marie Corelli a good second. Who expected a rating for Mrs. Humphry Ward, or Lucas Malet, or Arnold Bennett, or H. G. Wells? That is where the test of real popularity is made, in a big cir-

culating library. It naturally follows that Mrs. Barclay writes highly moral stories. Among them are "The Rosary," "Through the Postern Gate," and "The Broken Halo." She is a clergyman's wife and she has no clubs. She lives quietly at a country vicarage in Bedfordshire and every now and then writes a book that circulates in the hundreds of thousands. The critics do not bother about her and she does not bother about the critics. She knows how to tell a story, and she finds stories to tell.

Growing appreciation of what the scientist can do for the farmer and the horticulturist is shown by the increasing interest in books which explain scientific investigations along these lines and apply them to the daily needs of those who make their livings out of the soil. One of these books, "Plant Breeding," by John M. Coulter, professor of botany in the University of Chicago, will be brought out by D. Appleton & Co. early next month. It will make clear the methods and processes by which new and desirable plants are produced, and will consider the subject in its broadest aspects, covering all manner of plants and trees grown on farms and in gardens. The book is written in popular style. The author has made special study of the subject for many years, and was one of the first to give a university course of instruction on plant breeding.

The almost universal interest in dancing is recognized by the A. S. Barnes Company, which will bring out next week two volumes devoted to phases of the art somewhat apart from its popular cult. "Aesthetic Dancing," by Emil Rath, dean of Normal College, North American Gymnastic Union, Indianapolis, considers its subject from the point of view of physical training and is intended for students and teachers of physical education. "Dramatic Games and Dances for Little Children" is by Caroline Crawford, author of "Folk Dances and Games," and is a result of the interest taken by educators in the new idea of developing the dramatic instinct in children as a legitimate part of their early training. It contains clear descriptions of many dances and games and music, composed expressly for them, adapted to the understanding of the child.

Chicago Historical Society has announced that the University of Chicago Press will hereafter publish all of its works, as well as distribute books and pamphlets already published. The initial output under the new arrangement is the first volume in the Fort Dearborn Series, entitled "Masters of the Wilderness," by Dr. Charles B. Reed of Chicago. It contains three essays, a study of the Hudson Bay Company from its origin to modern times, a discussion of certain social aspects of the fur trade, and an account of the adventures of Henry Tonty in Old Louisiana. The Chicago Historical Society has already published more than a score of titles, for the most part works dealing with the early history of Chicago and vicinity.

Early in June the Century Company will publish a volume of importance to all who are interested theoretically or practically in the question of delinquency among children. Its title will be "Juvenile Courts and Probation," and its joint authors are Bernard Flexner and Roger M. Baldwin. The book will afford, according to the publishers, the first general statement and the most comprehensive treatment yet made of the problems of the juvenile court. Of its authors, Mr. Baldwin was formerly chief probation officer of the St. Louis Juvenile Court, and is now secretary of the St. Louis civic league.

Putnams have just brought out a book on the home training of children, by Edward Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton, entitled, "The Cornerstone of Education," which was undertaken, the author explains, because of a request that he should write on the special subject of the temptations of boyhood.

His scrutiny of the subject, he says, soon led him to the question of the foundation of a training in virtue, and this has formed his subject.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will offer this month an exhaustive discussion of the subject of "Worry and Nervousness; or, The Science of Self-Mastery," by William S. Sadler, M. D., author of "The Physiology of Faith and Fear," and other books. It is written in popular style and intended for the reading of those who suffer from nerves or worry.

Macmillan Company is bringing out a book on "Field Crop Production," by George Livingston, assistant professor of astronomy in the Ohio state university, the latest addition to its Rural Textbook Series, edited by L. H. Bailey. Its aim is to show farmers and agricultural students how to better acreage yield by scientific care of the soil, the seed, of cultivation, and of harvesting. The Macmillans report a rapidly growing interest in and demand for books of the nature of those included in this series.

The American branch of the Oxford University Press announces for early publication the second volume in the series on "American Colleges and Universities." The first, on "Columbia," by Dean Keppel, recently appeared. The forthcoming book will deal with "Princeton," and has been written by Professor V. C. Collins. Other volumes on leading American institutions of learning will be added to the series in the near future.

Putnams have just published a second edition, revised and enlarged, of "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States," by James A. Woodburn of the University of Indiana, an impartial history of political parties and a study of their relations to political morality.

Vernon Castle, co-author with Mrs. Castle of "Modern Dancing," is a graduate of the School of Engineering, Birmingham University, and came to this country with the intention of following his profession of electrical engineer. Instead he took the advice of his brother-in-law, George Grossmith, and acted in several musical comedies, after which he began to teach dancing two years ago.

Joseph Conrad took his first deep draught of English fiction from the Leatherstocking tales of James Fenimore Cooper, whom he prefers to Sir Walter Scott, and in whom he finds "an extraordinarily fine feeling for the sea."

Small, Maynard & Co. publish this week a new and enlarged edition of Ralph Adams Cram's "Church Building," a study of the principles of architecture in their relation to the church. Several new chapters have been added.

Henry Holt & Co. have brought out Barrett H. Clark's "Continental Drama of To-day: Outlines for Its Study." The book consists of a number of concise discussions of the best plays of contemporary European dramatists intended to be studied in connection with the reading of the plays themselves. The same house announces a new and elaborately illustrated edition of March Phillips' "Art and Environment."

Michael Monahan, editor of "Papyrus" and author of several volumes of essays, will have a new volume entitled "Nova Hibernia," published this month by Mitchell Kennerley. Mr. Monahan devotes attention in this book to several distinguished authors of today and yesterday.

Herbert Alden Youtz, whose new work, "The Enlarging Conception of God," is a recent publication, has occupied the Richards Chair of Christian Theology in Auburn Theological Seminary since 1908.

A third edition of Charles Keeler's "Elfin Songs of Sunland," containing a number of new poems, is in train for publication by the Putnams.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 13, 1914.

017972. Non-coal. NOTICE is hereby given that Frank C. Prescott, Jr., whose post-office address is 442 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017972, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

019918. Non-coal. NOTICE is hereby given that Laura Gertrude Kincaid, whose post-office address is R. F. D. No. 4, Box 579, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019918, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

020719. Non-coal. NOTICE is hereby given that Walter Lundley Kinsaid, whose post-office address is Sierra Madre, California, did, on the 27th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020719, to purchase the E $\frac{1}{2}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

023018. Non-coal. NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris, whose post-office address is Westgate, California, did, on the 18th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023018, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 19; SW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 20; and N $\frac{1}{2}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land at \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

It has become more and more evident, as the advantages of perspective have increased, that the apparent improvement in conditions which marked the opening of this year, was largely an improvement in sentiment. The financial world is living on its nerve. Yet, although the effects of the too-sudden recovery are witnessed in the present lethargy in the business, and particularly in the stock market world, it is probably equally credible that the wish and desire for prosperity is but the forerunner of the coming of that prosperity, even though its advent may still be delayed until the full adjustment to changed ideals is carried out.

Importance of the stock market as an institution has been lessened somewhat in the last two years by legislation, yet it is to be believed that it will, in future, occupy more nearly its true position in the scheme of finance. By the same token, however, the stock market now must wait for the return of prosperity in other lines of business, before it can feel the benefits of the loosened pursestrings.

For some time speculative activities all over the country have been at what is generally termed a dead level, and this is taken as evidence that securities are only waiting for the incentive to show a high degree of activity and strength. But there must be still a period of waiting before that thorough adjustment, which has held back all lines of enterprise, has been fully worked out.

The markets everywhere this week have seen the crystallization of the conditions described in the foregoing. Changes have been insignificant, and volume of trading of negligible proportions. One day this week the amount of the business on the New York exchange was the smallest, with one exception, in years.

The local market has been featureless. Union, Los Angeles Investment and a few of the low-priced issues came in for the bulk of what little trading there was. Union has held its position fairly, as have all the others. Nothing has developed in connection with the deal recently closed for the treasury stock of the big oil company. So far as the oil business in general is concerned, there is a feeling that a further decline in price may occur. That falling off should, however, be the last, as the opening of the Panama Canal, which seems now an event of the not far distant future, will mean the unfolding of new opportunities for the disposal of petroleum products.

With the exception of one recent sale of Farmers & Merchants bank stock and another of Security Trust & Savings, at about the same prices as the previous ones recorded the bank list has been motionless. Bonds have shown no activity.

Europe's demand for gold is still in evidence. The money market, aside from strength in foreign exchange, is featureless.

Banks and Banking

The loss of one item of \$30,000 among the millions of New Haven money which disappeared under the Mellen régime seems to have worried the former president of the New Haven for several years. In his testimony at

Washington he said that when he took up the Billard note with the National City Bank the bank charged him \$30,000, and that this has always been a sore spot with him. When President F. A. Vanderlip was asked what the National City Bank had to say about this, he replied: "The bank has this to say, that Mr. Mellen paid us no commission. The \$30,000 was the rebate on a loan paid back before it was due. It was a routine transaction that happens very often. The Billard loan was sound, amply secured. When it was taken up before it was due we were paid the usual rebate under the circumstances. That is to say, if you were to borrow money from us for a year at 4 per cent and insisted on paying it off in ten months, we should charge you for what we lost by having the money returned to us when interest rates were easier." It is obvious that if borrowers were privileged to pay back loans whenever they wanted to, without suffering an adjustment due to changed interest rates, there would be no such thing as a time loan, since a man who borrowed for six months at 5 per cent would terminate his contract just as soon as the rate was lowered.

Bond and Stock Briefs

Dispatches received from the Mexican oil fields say that most of the employees of the Mexican Oil Company have returned to their places, and that within a few days production would probably be again on the basis prevailing before the Constitutionalist forces invested Tampico and Tuxpam.

Trading on the monthly settlement system, abandoned by the Chicago stock exchange in 1896, probably will be resumed. The governing committee has adopted a unanimous report in favor of the change. The Exchange went on a cash basis after the collapse of a number of big pools and several sensational failures in 1896. To prevent similar happenings when the "account system" is resumed rules governing margins have been prepared which are expected to keep trades on a safe basis. The margin schedule calls for \$10 a share on stocks selling at from \$50 to \$80. Stocks at \$200 to \$230 must be margined at \$35 a share, and about \$230 at \$40.

Baltimore & Ohio's report for April is much more encouraging than other recent earnings statements have been, this company showing a substantial gain both in gross and net. The increase in net is large, but it was mainly accomplished by reductions in the expenditures for maintenance. The gross revenues for the month were \$7,763,000, an increase of \$195,000. In maintenance of way, a saving of \$327,000 was effected, and in maintenance of equipment \$307,000. The net earnings of \$2,404,000 showed a gain of \$853,000, equivalent to 55 per cent. For the ten months, net earnings have run only \$883,000 behind those for the corresponding period of last year.

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

021746. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 438 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

020374. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Lynn H. Case, whose post-office address is 1327 3rd St., Santa Monica, California, did on the 24th day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020374, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provision of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



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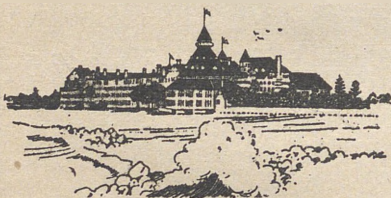
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—"It's absolutely funny, isn't it? And yet I fancy we are all quite given over to the idea, at least to a certain extent—I know I have lost much in the way of both the pleasure and the profits of life by being possessed of the aforesaid idea, but I am getting beautifully and bravely over it, and finding that 'Time is limitless,' and it all belongs to me—seriously, I have only just recently discovered that I 'could if I would, do what I wished,' and I am giving more time to reading than I ever have before — reading many of the old books I have always wanted to read, and finding **so** many wonderful ones I never knew existed, and the reason for this semi-metamorphosis is that I have found such a wonderful book store, where I can buy books and at the same time browse, and bury myself in the lure and charm of Books which **are** Books.

—"It's that new Book store at Bullock's—

—"Really I had no idea

there was or could be a Book store of such infinite charm, so compact, so beautifully complete, so splendidly arranged—

—"Like a magnificent, blue-white solitaire set in rare, rich, dull, Old Gold—"

—"Oh! it is such a gem—"

—"Books! Books! Books! Myriads of them—Gautier bids good morning to Dumas, Kipling grips hands with Shakespeare; De Maupassant, Balzac, Dickens, and Thackeray are having a delightful time in a cozy corner all to themselves—"

—"Time and distance have been annihilated—"

—"The Ages exist altogether and only in the Present—"

—"The Great Round World has been limited in its boundaries and concentrated in this simply irresistible spot.

—"Can't you imagine the delight of it—Can't you just feel the atmosphere—Can't you fairly dream yourself into Fairyland and communion with those great masters of all time who have written, and written, and written as no one ever wrote before—and as perhaps no one will ever write again—"

—"Then there are 'The Moderns'—Yes, all of them—those contemporaries of yours and mine—the ones we love so well—and the ones we should know so much better than we do—"

—"And 'The Invitation'—that comes from the Books themselves; the atmosphere—and the all pervading knowledge — that is every-

where and that makes the welcome so genuine and worthwhile—

—"Yes, indeed—It's a new, and different, and delightful Book store — this New kind of a Book store at Bullock's—A Book store that is going to make known all over this great Southwest the slogan—'**Bullock's for Books**' — no matter for whom the Books may be—"

—"Among the very latest of the late arrivals '**The Changed Man and Other Tales**'—by Thomas Hardy, is a book to arouse the keen interest of every lover of Hardy, and it is long since anything from his pen has gladdened the world of readers—We are taken back once again to the Wessex country, the stories of which are so rich in character, that they may be compared, and favorably so, to '**Tess**' and '**The Return of the Native**.'"

—" '**The Soul of Paris**' is a collection of essays which are as lovely as a collection of jewels, and it would be difficult to say which has created the more beautiful pictures—Verner Reed, with his pen, or that wonderful Ernest Peixotto, with his brush—Certain it is, however, that the combination is marvelously delightful, and is certain to please—"

—" '**Old Valentines**,' as the name suggests, is a typical love story—one of the real, old fashioned kind which makes you smile with pleasure and feel quite 'weepy' at the same time—We don't seem to have a particularly intimate acquaintance with **Mr. Munson Havens**, but his little story is as wholesome

as sunshine, and as sweet as a wild flower—

—"J. Macdougall Hay, to whom we have just been introduced by '**Gillespie**,' has written a wonderful book, and if he never writes another, he has proven himself a novelist of rare ability and power — the virility and force of style—his well chosen English, his marvelous characterization and his fearless daring, will place '**Gillespie**' among the permanent novels of the day—"

—"George Ade has come back again with a new collection of clever nonsense, called simply '**Ade's Fables**,' but that's enough isn't it? It is illustrated by **John McCutcheon**, and could there possibly be a happier combination? Emphatically not.

—"Are you a 'Fan?' Then you should know that there is a delightful little baseball story, by James Hopper, called '**Coming Back with the Spitball**' — It's a real pitcher's romance, and you will get five dollars' worth of fun for fifty cents—Oh, there are such lots and lots of wonderful, instructive, entertaining and amusing things, and it is such a delightful place to browse that I just don't see how anyone can help enjoying it as much as I do—"

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